

ELISA POWELL,

OR

TRIALS OF SENSIBILITY.

VOL. I.

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WILLIAM POWELL

THEIR RESPONSIBILITY

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ELISA POWELL,
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TRIALS OF SENSIBILITY:

A SERIES OF
ORIGINAL LETTERS,
COLLECTED
BY A WELSH CURATE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Edward Davies.

— MENTEM MORTALIA TANGUNT.

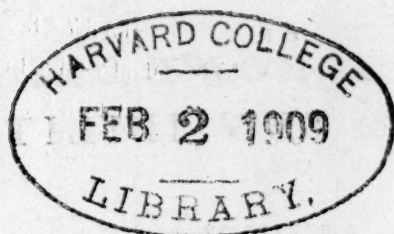
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ELISA POWELL;

OR,

TRIALS OF SENSIBILITY.

L E T T E R I.

To the Reverend JAMES WILSON.

Dear Wilson,

MY letter of last Monday gave you an account of my arrival at the little town of B——. The fatigue occasioned by a long ride, the late hour, and the darkness of the evening, prevented my saying any thing of the place or its vicinity.

VOL. I.

B

The town itself is remarkable only for its plentiful, crowded markets, and excellent inns for this part of the country; but its charming situation renders it an object of importance to the indolent traveller.

In order to view the diversified scenery, I strolled, this morning, up to the top of the Castle Hill; an eminence so named, from an old fortress that stood upon it in the time of the Welsh princes. The first thing that caught my attention was the town stretching its graceful curve at my feet, upon the western bank of the Wye, which being joined, about a mile higher up, by the Irvon, a large and beautiful stream, rolls down its augmented volume over a clear gravelly bed with open banks, and, in this place, glides under a handsome bridge of five elliptical arches.

Both rivers abound with fish, so that

I shall not want amusement during the intervals of business. Such was my reflection at the time; but the eye could not rest upon the objects I have described. It rambled over a rich and well-cultivated, though but a narrow plain. It traced the numerous bendings and ever-varying tints of a fine river. It observed the hills; here, gently rising with their waving woods; there, standing boldly forth with their naked, broken rocks, to conceal the limped current, or to circumscribe its mazes. Beyond these, the sight glanced to the dusky, brown-peaked mountains, which, at a solemn distance, mix with the mellow shades of the horizon.

You may recollect that we have admired the landscapes of the principality, as exhibited to us in the tours of Wyndham, Gilpin, and others. The

views from this place preserve the same character, but with more chaste and delicate features than any I have hitherto observed. What a delicious feast for the lover of nature! I will enjoy it.

But, first of all, I must attend to the business that brought me into this neighbourhood. The Welsh estate, which makes part of my late purchase, is about two miles from the town of B——. You will be pleased with the situation. For a considerable way it embraces the banks of the Wye, and thence runs up a winding valley, well wooded, and watered by a pretty, rural brook. It consists of four farms, amounting altogether to about 500l. per annum. This will place me in a respectable rank among the freeholders of Brecknockshire.

The manor, which comes to me with the estate, I should not think it

worth while to mention, but for one pleasure which it enables me to anticipate. You can occasionally enter into the spirit of rural sports. This spot affords variety of game. When you are disposed to pursue them into Wales, pursue them as a sportsman; I shall only stipulate that you leave a few trout in the brook, for the amusement of your indolent friend,

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER H.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

THIS day my farmers dined with me. I find them intelligent in their line, and capable of conversation; industrious, thrifty, and skilful husbandmen. Their leases expire this year, and my predecessor, determined to sell the estate, had refused to grant them a longer term.

When I asked if they wished a renewal, they answered in the affirmative, provided the farms were let to them upon the old terms.

“The old terms, my friends! who

will you find, in the present day, that lets estates in that manner? Surely you cannot think me unreasonable, if I demand an advance of twenty per cent."

Mr. Thomas, the principal of my tenants, spoke for himself and for the rest: "Our late landlord," said he, "though unfortunate, was a generous, worthy gentleman. We had a good bargain under him for many years; but, before he sold his estates, his embarrassed circumstances obliged him to raise them to their full value. We hope, therefore, you will not insist upon any advance. We are just able to live comfortably upon the farms, and to do them justice."

"This," I replied, in the landlord's tone, "is the kind of language that you farmers are always provided with; but while you plead poverty, your jol-

ly countenances convince me that you still live like gentlemen."

"I assure you, sir," continued the honest farmer, "we have very good reason to use such language; and I am persuaded it would, in general, be the interest of landlords themselves to pay more attention to it than they do. If you are determined to have the rent raised, I make no doubt but you may find men who will promise some pounds more than what we give. If you choose to treat with them, I must, for my own part, wish them joy of the farm. I have made some little provision for my old age and for my family, and after a laborious life, I cannot think of wasting it, by giving more for land than what I can make of it. That is a thing which some of my neighbours have done, and there are still others who will not take warning

by their ruin. But if I must come to poverty, I confess, idleness seems a pleasanter road to it, than anxiety and hard labour. At the same time, I should be sorry to be turned out: I have contracted a kind of affection for the farm: it has been my native place and that of my father. You perceive, some pains have been taken to put the land in heart, and make it look to the best advantage; which, you know, sir, is not the interest of a man who wishes for a renewal of his lease."

Mr. Thomas spoke all this with a full tone: his countenance was steady and unabashed.

Pleased with his manly candour, I replied, "It must be acknowledged your husbandry does you credit; and as the farm and you like each other so well, I should be loath to part old friends; but, if I grant you a lease, a

little farther incumbrance must be laid upon the premises."

The farmer hung down his head in silence: "It is this, farmer: I must deprive you of about half a rood of your land to build a couple of rooms, and to add a few stalls to the stable. I may take it into my head to bring a friend or two occasionally, to spend a month in the neighbourhood, and should be glad to welcome them at my own house: at the same time, it is my intention to satisfy you for every extraordinary trouble we may give."

"If that be all, fir," said the farmer, brightning up, and filling, first his glass of toddy and then his pipe, "if that be all, you will not find me afraid of my landlord's eye: we shall be glad of the honour of your company."

To the other farmers, who, with open mouths and elevated chins, were

listening to our discourse, I observed, that we intended them the favour to destroy some of the hares and partridges that spoiled their young corn, and that we should expect no other acknowledgment for our trouble, but that they would contentedly repair the hedges which the horses and greyhounds might happen to break.

One of them answered with good humour, and some degree of smartness, in his broken English, "I doubt yar honour will be tired a breaking the hedges sooner nor we shall be a mending am. 'Tis bad place here to course with grewns: the woods be so plenty, and the closes so small, that the hares must have bells on their necks, if you mean to run them down."

We agreed that the leases should be made out, and parted mutually satisfied with one another.

As soon as my business was become a little public, I had several applications for the farms, and some bold offers. With proper management, I might, perhaps, have advanced these very men fifty pounds a year; still they might be able to live; but farmers employ a considerable capital in their stock, and require considerable skill in the most useful of all professions. Why should they not live comfortably? It is a privilege we freely allow to the plodding mechanic, the wheedling shopkeeper, and the indolent, fat ****—but I must respect my own cloth.

The rich, my dear friend, from a principle of mere selfishness, forfeit the real satisfaction of life, the sweetest and most cordial of all enjoyments.

What man, that has a competency, could purchase more real pleasure for fifty pounds a year, than I shall enjoy

by seeing my estate in good condition, and securing the comfort of four industrious, worthy families? Ask those lords of a neglected wilderness, who are obliged to seize on a few ill-favoured, half-famished beasts, for the payment of their enormous rent, while the squalid tenant startles at the sight of his landlord's steward, or shudders at the thoughts of a jail.

But you will say, "The wants of gentlemen increase with their estates. Rank must be supported by splendid equipage, expensive company, spirited gaming, &c. Oh, human nature! is this the high point of perfection to which thou art aspiring? My mind, some way or other, is of a very ungentle cast. So little ambition have I to be distinguished in the gay world, that if I could foresee a son of mine would turn out a fine gentleman—by heaven!

I would not take the pains to become his father.

I am, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

P. S. I am determined to be my own steward. Before my return to Worcestershire, I will have the whole estate surveyed and accurately mapped. I will not leave it till I have made myself intimately acquainted with every gate, every road, every turn of the hedge. Thus shall I be enabled, when any repairs are wanted, to keep up an intelligent correspondence with Mr. Thomas, whom I consider as a great acquisition. Observing, the other day, some books neatly bound and regularly ranged on his shelf, I had the curiosity to examine them. You cannot imagine my

fatisfaction, in finding that they were the publications of Arthur Young and Marshall, and that Thomas himself is a member of the agricultural society at Brecknock. You must not expect to see me for a month or two ; but my time will be well filled up.

LETTER III.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilfon,

POSITIVELY, I am not a man of business, after all. For half a day now and then it will do very well; but I cannot give up my whole attention to it, cannot meditate, ponder, and dream about it, till I lose myself amid the labyrinth of serious affairs. It astonishes me to think that any man should live merely to procure the means of living; that so paltry a thing as money should be made the object of his admiration. For my part, I can only use it as a step in a dirty road. I trample upon it,

and press forward. How often do we hear it said, "Mr. Such-a-one is a pleasant, good kind of man; his only fault is to be a little fond of money!" As if covetousness were not a canker that eats out the life of every worthy sentiment. A man subject to this failing may possess his share of grimace, but of virtue not an atom. The poison creeps through his veins, infects his whole heart, and hence, all his *seemings*, if duly investigated, will be found to begin, to end, and to centre in self-interest.

When I behold the purse-proud niggard insulting distressed virtue, with the sneer of insensibility, or smiting it with the fist of oppression, it reminds me of the maniac grasping his imaginary sceptre, and meditating furious revenge against men in their sober senses. Such objects are too dangerous

for our contempt, too malicious for our pity; but surely there never was a reptile so senseless and mean as to respect either the one or the other! I may sometime or other inform you of the occasion of these warm effusions. Yes, Wilson, some future letter may be stained with the names of a Beaver and a Worrall. At present, the impression is too painful to be borne: I will endeavour to relieve it.

Even the delicious abstraction of a solitary ramble has scarcely been sufficient to allay the tumult in my breast. What an astonishing variety of ingredients must be blended in a true cordial for the human heart!

How have I spent my time since I wrote to you? So triflingly, my dear friend, that I am ashamed to account

for it. Allotting my mornings to the regulation of my farms, I sometimes walk out, after an early dinner, with my angling rod to the winding banks of a beautiful stream; and when tired of my favourite amusement, sit down on a well-chosen spot, to sketch an enchanting view: at other times, I ride to the different hamlets in the neighbourhood, converse with the honest inhabitants, listen to their simple tale, or amuse myself with their innocent superstitions. To fill up the mere chasms of time, this is pleasant enough; but it is not the business of life: it is not what we are born for. If we make amusement our main pursuit, it becomes very insupportable. The soul, conscious of the misapplication of her powers, sickens with disgust, and soon becomes weary of her insipid habitation.

Yet for a few days, this rotation of nothings did admirably well. "I have found" said I to myself, "the haunt of Happiness, that modest nymph who saunters in the rural shades, and shuns the noise and bustle of the great world."

The delirium was of short duration. "Human life," says a profound sage, is a continual succession of hopes and disappointments." A pitiful remark this, for a philosopher to make. A thing so obvious to daily experience will never ensure him the reputation of superior sagacity.

I have discovered that the place is no thoroughfare, that the neighbourhood is thinly inhabited by gentlemen, and that, to the few they are, I have no immediate means of introduction, and, I fear, not many communicable ideas.

The inn, where I still live, affords excellent accommodations and civil at-

tendance; but why did not I engage a friend whose company might relieve the tedium of a fastidious hour?

As I was riding, the other day, by a neat villa, I asked a countryman on the road, if he knew who lived there: *he could not, very well, tell me.* “Then, I suppose,” said I, “you are a stranger in these parts, for, by the style of the buildings, and the gardens, I perceive it must be the residence of a gentleman.”—“A gentleman! no, sir, ’tis nothing but an Englishman.”

I laughed at the idea; but I have since reconsidered it. Five centuries ago, we Englishmen robbed the Welch of their national independence. In defence of it, they had valiantly fought, seven hundred campaigns: at last they were compelled to yield it up; but it was resigned with indignant, haughty submission. They have never forgiven

us; and, at this present day, I sojourn among them—"nothing but an Englishman."

The gentlemen of the principality have, indeed, in a great measure, forgotten their nationality, and now enlist, with a tolerable grace, under the banner of their conquerors; but the populace still retain sufficient greatness of mind to contemn a refinement, which they consider as the badge of slavery, and to glory in their descent from the ancient Britons.

What is this Liberty, for which a whole people could so pertinaciously contend, and the loss of which they so inveterately resent! The Welch are not worse lodged, worse clothed, nor worse fed than they were under their native princes; and, for some ages, their persons and properties are, perhaps much better secured. Still they pine, under

an imaginary yoke, and are dwindled down to about one half of their former population. Liberty must be something necessary in the composition of human happiness. I should imagine it may be compared to the point of honour in an individual—the reputation of a gentleman, a thing which we neither eat, drink nor clothe ourselves withal; but the loss of which for ever debases the man in his own esteem. Be it what it may, I am convinced it is the gift of heaven to all its children; and if the divine revelation had not pointed out a devil, the lust of conquest and dominion which, in all ages, has filled the world with misery, would, with me, fully establish his existence. Leaving you to discuss this knotty point at your leisure,

I remain, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER IV.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

LET me once more acknowledge that I am ashamed of my splenetic humour. I despise the trite sentiment of the philosopher, quoted in my last letter; though I cannot entirely dismiss it from my memory. Like a troublesome fly, it hovers and buzzes about my fancy. "Human life is a continual succession of hopes and disappointments." These words I repeated to myself twenty times this morning, as I strolled over Irvon Bridge toward the Park Wells; two springs, about a mile and a half from

B——, impregnated with some mineral, and frequented by a few invalids during the beginning of the summer. The situation of them is romantic. They rise within a few yards of each other, in a small glen between two hills, one of which gently swells on all sides like the section of a globe, and is entirely covered with wood: the other presents a more rocky and naked appearance, and extends its uneven ridge to the bank of the Wye, the smooth stream of which is in this place broken by a considerable cataract.

On two other sides, these hills and the intervening valley are washed by the Irton and the Whevery, so that the whole forms a peninsula highly picturesque.

But, at this time, prospects were not my object. I was in pursuit of company; and it must be owned, with no

very sanguine hopes of success : for I had learned at B—— that the place was not much frequented by the idle and the curious.

The chase, however, was not altogether in vain. Arriving at a small octagon pump-room, I found a group of women in grey linsley-woolsey gowns, blue cloaks, and deep beaver hats. The knitting needles were clattering in every hand ; for Welshwomen deem it the most awkward thing in the world to be unemployed. These fair Cambrobritons were interspersed with some men in loose great coats, - or close-bodied, light-blue jerkins, fasted round with belts of leather. They scarcely condescended to take notice of a straggling Englishman. My appearance never interrupted their gleeful and vociferous conversation in the dialect of the country. While I stood gazing at

this novel assemblage, I happened to perceive a spruce little man of a decent appearance, who was tripping down the side of the hill. His hair was tied in a fashionable club; he was dressed in iron grey, long leathers, and light boots, and carried an angling rod in his hand. With this stranger I entered into conversation, and found him possessed of considerable general knowledge and some facetiousness. He is a Brecknock attorney, of the name of Watkins; but whether business or pleasure brought him into this neighbourhood is more than I know. It is enough that I find him a very pleasant fellow, and a perfect adept in the art of angling. I believe I shall put into his hands the sketch of the leases. Observing my rod, he bespoke my acquaintance as a brother sportsman, and proposed that we should go in the afternoon to a particular part

of the river where he had remarked a multitude of trout. With this proposal I gladly closed, and, in order to improve the kindness of fortune, engaged him to dine with me at the inn, where I had ordered some delicious kid. Good morning, Wilson, my new friend is just announced.

Having drunk our bottle of wine, we sallied forth to our afternoon's amusement, which we pursued with great success, till we got nearly opposite a large house on the Radnorshire side of the river, from which it is separated by an extensive field and a very bold bank, shaded with hanging woods. Under this curtain, I observed a neat alcove, elevated a few yards above the water, upon a little jut of the rock. In this sequestered spot, a charming girl was

sitting alone, like the genius of the stream, which, in this place, is about eighty yards wide. I regretted that it separated us from an object more engaging than all the trout in the Wye. Unable to keep my eyes off her, I lost my hook and part of my line by attempting to do more than one thing at a time. When she first perceived us, she was holding a paper in her hand, which she immediately threw upon the seat, and amused herself by looking at our sport. I soon discovered, by Watkins' countenance, that the lady was, at least, an acquaintance. When he thought I was not observing him, he took a letter out of his pocket, opened it, with a shake of the head and some significant gestures, and folded it again, without speaking. The lively girl immediately took the hint, and, holding out her own letter, said,

"It is no great secret; lend me your rod for a quarter of an hour, and you shall see it." When the gallant spark began wading into the water, she stood with great composure till she saw him fairly over his boots; then, with a provoking laugh, begged he would not wet his feet, wished him a good evening, and skipped away, like a fawn. This was more than the muscles of my face could bear.

Even poor Watkins himself, as he was flouncing out of the water, was obliged to join me in a kind of half laugh, muttering at the same time, "I thank you, Maria; it is just what I might have expected."

"And who is Maria," said I.

"She is the daughter of a respectable freeholder on the other side of the county: her mother and she are now on a visit at the hall."

“ She is a charming young creature !”

“ When she pleases, sir, perfectly charming ; but she is highly accomplished in the art of teasing, and not a little vain of her talent, as I have found to my cost, since I have had the honour of her acquaintance.”

“ She has given us a specimen ; and I think a little teasing by a beautiful young woman can be no bad recipe for the spleen. What do you say, Watkins, if I call upon you at the hall ? Will you object to my coming in for a share of Maria’s raillery !”

“ I should be glad to spare you a comfortable portion of it—provided always, nevertheless”—“ I comprehend your proviso, and promise not to transgress the laws of hospitality.” “ Then come, and live with us altogether. I

will engage you shall not be haunted by the blue devils."

Encouraged by a hint so agreeable, to make farther enquiry, I found that this house is the country-seat of a distinguished family; but is, at present, together with a large farm, in the occupation of a tenant, who furnishes accommodations for such decent company as may frequent the Wells, or visit the country for the amusement of angling.

It differs from the generality of lodging houses in several respects. All the inhabitants are supposed to consist but of one family. They eat in a common room, and generally sit together, unless when the ladies give place to the bottle after dinner, or any one chooses to betake himself to his private apartment.

As the table is furnished by the mis-

trefs of the house, the lodgers have no farther care than to procure from B—— what wine and spirits they may have occasion for.

The whole plan suits me exactly. I parted with my brother angler, full of the idea of becoming a member of the family at the hall, and of being teased by Maria. With this pleasing thought, I conclude,

Dear Wilfon, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER V.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilfon,

THE complacency of thy friend's temper is again restored. This hall is a charming place. Standing with a full south aspect on the lowest declivity of a craggy hill, it commands a view of the river, the bridge, and the town, at the distance of a short mile, bending like a crescent on the margin of the water; beyond which the ground rises in variegated swells of woody banks and smooth-matted hills, interspersed with winding glens: the whole prospect is bounded by the

grand undulating lines of the Eppynt mountains.

But my attachment to this spot is not so much determined, by the views of still nature which it exhibits, as by the agreeable society which I enjoy in the small circle of its present inhabitants. Maria Jones, to whom you wish to be introduced, exceeds my sanguine expectation. To no common share of personal charms, she unites the elegant accomplishments of a genteel education, and a certain prompt originality of manner, still more engaging. I would not be understood to mean that she possesses *all* the accomplishments of a fine lady : she wants many which, to me, would render her truly disgusting. She affects neither virtue nor vice, intrepidity nor delicacy, politeness nor rusticity. If she has any affectation at all, it is that of a little innocent rail-

lery; but I find more of good humour than of captiousness or pertness in her most brilliant sallies. Poor Watkins understands raillery better in every other person than in Maria.

You must excuse me for a few minutes, Wilson: the interesting girl challenges me to take my flute, and accompany her in a favourite song.

This day has proved fortunate, beyond my hopes. I had thrown aside my pen, in the forenoon, and was seriously engaged in the pleasant avocation I mentioned, when Watkins bolted into the room, and with great agitation, called me to see the strangest being that ever existed. Maria, vexed at the interruption, stopped short, and looking at Watkins with a sarcastic smile, said, "Be so good, sir, as to stand before

that glass, and then we may all view him at the same instant."

"My dear satirist," replied the confounded lover, "if you will take the trouble to go to the other side of the garden, and look over the wall, you will confess your mistake."

"Watkins," said I, "is this one of your voluntary jests; or is it meant by way of retaliation?"

"Neither, sir, upon my honour. If you had been in my place, you would have thought it no jest at all."

"What have you seen then?" said Mrs. Jones.

"As I was standing," replied the other, "beneath the clump of trees on the side of the hill, I heard a prodigious heavy trampling behind me: upon my turning round, a gigantic figure accosted me in these words, 'Pray, sir, will you be so obliging as to re-

commend me a guide to the grave of Lywelyn?"

"The grave of Lywelyn, sir!" I replied, "I never heard of it; but I will go to the house, and endeavour to procure you some information." Having said this, I had immediate recourse to my only means of defence, a precipitate retreat. I had just time to observe an enormous pair of boots, a brown cloak that would have covered a haystack, and a huge umbrella mounted upon a pole as long and as large as one of Cromwell's pikestaves. I even ventured to lift my eyes toward the head of the prodigy. It was covered with a broad-brimmed hat, curling up, on each side, with a parallel bend; behind which an antique periwig swelled out like a thunder pillar: and on the opposite quarter, a nose of unconscionable length, like the bowsprit of

a man of war, stretched forward. I saw his eyes, large and piercing, beneath two shaggy brows, like clear springs in the shade of a forest. In short I saw——”

To these wild hyperboles, it was impossible to listen any longer: our peals of laughter stemmed the torrent of extravagance. When I could with safety take my hands from my sides, I snatched up my hat, saying, “let us see what all this will amount to.”

“Bless me!” exclaims Mrs. Jones, you do not, surely, intend to go out? ’Tis the Irish giant got mad, or some outlandish monster broke loose from his keeper.”

“Be not alarmed, madam, at my little friend’s description. Gulliver, you know, was a giant in Lilliput.”

“When danger is connected with honour, sir,” replied Watkins, “I will

not be suspected of cowardice ; but, seriously, from the strange request he made, and from his general appearance, I should judge that this must be a madman of prodigious strength ; I would not, for the principality of Wales, trust myself in his gripe."

"Let us reconnoitre a little, however : if he is so heavily rigged as you represent him, we can, at last, save ourselves by your expedient of running away."

We had but just turned the corner of the garden, when we encountered with Watkins' phenomenon. My surprise, it must be owned, equalled that of the young attorney ; but it was of a very different nature. My companion would have pulled me back by the coat, when he saw me step forward ; but I advanced directly to the stranger, and, with a hearty shake by the hand, exclaimed,

“My dear doctor Pemberton, who should have expected the pleasure to meet you in this remote part of the country?”

“What! my friend Harry!” says the doctor, “I rejoice to see you; and I must say the pleasure was equally unlooked for on my side. The cause of my rambling you will be informed of in a few words. I longed to see one or two of the friends of my youth, and to cast one more lingering look on those peaceful scenes that afforded me delight fifty years ago.

“What brought me to this particular spot was a wish to see the grave of Lywelyn, the last of the Welch princes, which is somewhere in this neighbourhood. I enquired of a gentleman on the brow of the hill, but he proved to be a mere Ultrafabrine, and knew nothing of the matter.”

“ I am the person, sir,” said Watkins, “ to whom you did the honour of speaking on the hill ; and I know not how to apologise for leaving your company so abruptly.”

“ Your retreat is not to be wondered at,” replied the doctor : “ as you are not a Welshman, the request I made must have appeared to you rather extraordinary.”

“ I *am* a native of this country,” rejoins the other, “ but must confess, I could not comprehend the subject of your enquiry.”

“ What !” exclaimed the doctor, “ a Welshman that knows not the grave of Lywelyn.”

Perceiving that the little lawyer was again staggered by this hard sentence, I relieved him by enquiring of my old friend what he had done with his horse.

"My boy," said he, "is bringing him round. On the other side of the hill, I stepped out of my road to view a building that stands on an eminence above a gentleman's house. At a distance, it has the appearance of a real, ancient ruin; but, upon a nearer view, turns out a paltry mock castle, the wild whim of the owner. You need not be told how much I am disappointed and disgusted at the false taste shewn in the deception."

"But why did you incumber yourself with your cloak and umbrella?"

"The sun has not shone this spring with sufficient force to make any impression upon my constitution; and, in this hilly country, the April showers frequently come a fortnight too late. So that, having leisure to choose my own pace, I had rather carry additional weight than suffer inconvenience from

the chilly dampness of the atmosphere. This thing," continued the doctor, holding up the umbrella, "is a hint which I have borrowed from the frippery of the age. It has not been long known in Britain: it is really useful, it is indeed elegant, and ought to have been antique; but the fantastical hand of fashion cuts every thing down to a bawble. This is the fourth which I was obliged to have made before the narrow-minded manufacturer could be brought to extend his ideas to the proper size. And that was a very material circumstance in its construction, for I pitch it as a tent over my head, whenever I am under the necessity of taking sketches in wet weather."

This kind of chat brought us round to the house, where we met the doctor's servant and horses. The ladies were at the window. Watkins' Fingalian tale

had filled them indeed with consternation as well as curiosity ; but observing that we conversed freely with the stranger, their terror so far subsided as to give a fair preponderancy to the other passion. Without even screaming or running into the closet, they permitted me to introduce doctor Pemberton, who afterward waited upon the mistress of the house, and procured an apartment for his use during his stay in the vicinity.

This, my dear Wilson, I consider as a singular piece of good fortune. I no longer feel myself “nothing but an Englishman.” In the doctor’s company, I am always at home. Whether I think with him, or think for myself; whether I laugh with him, or laugh at him, I never find him put on the supercilious frown of self-importance, or the peevish jerks of ill-humour.

While the servant attended my venerable friend, to see his apartment, and to deposit his curiosities, Mrs. Jones and Maria turned to me with the most enquiring aspect. “For heaven’s sake, Mr. Stanley!” said the mother——

“I foresee your question, madam, and will resolve it as briefly as I can.

“Doctor Isaac Pemberton is a native of the principality.—His mother’s family, I believe, were Welsh. In his earlier years, a relation of his father’s left him a small estate at N—— in my uncle’s neighbourhood, where he has resided, longer than I can remember. The uninterrupted intimacy of the old gentleman has given me frequent opportunities of being in the doctor’s company, of profiting by his conversation, and, perhaps, imbibing some of his peculiarities. He is a man of an excellent heart, an enlarged understand-

ing, and an erudition—how profound, I cannot say, but it exceeds the utmost extent of my line. The study of antiquities, and some branches of natural history, constituted the amusement of his youth. It is become the passion of his age, and has so far engrossed his mind as to make him overlook many of the forms of society, and many singularities in his equipage and conduct. With strangers, this gives him rather an uncouth appearance, but, among his friends, it softens into a tender regard that distant veneration which would otherwise be inspired by the more brilliant parts of his character. This will convince a certain gentleman, that he might have spared his terrible apprehensions. In all the British dominions, he could not have stumbled upon a more innocent, not to say a more benevolent personage. The doc-

tor's gripe would have amounted only to a gentle shake by the hand, provided he did not mistake the little lawyer for one of his *Dii Penates*, that had rambled off his pedestal: in that case, he might, indeed, have used some efforts to get him replaced.

“And yet, at a time when this worthy virtuoso had no money to relieve a distressed family, I have known an instance of his pledging an inestimable curiosity, freely bestowing the whole sum he could raise upon it, and then labouring hard for three months to compose a treatise for a bookseller, in order to redeem his deposit. On that occasion, I asked him how he should have felt, if he had his ancient British diadem. His answer was characteristic: “I should have felt gloriously, sir; my heart would have bestowed upon me a still nobler diadem—

ob civem servatum. The investigation of ancient history is a rational amusement; but the exercise of beneficence is an important duty. This is the first dictate of heaven: the other, however useful or entertaining, is a mere human business."

Thus far, I had proceeded in my harangue, when interrupted by the doctor's entrance, which gave the company an opportunity to contemplate him with a more favourable eye than they had hitherto done.

As soon as the ladies had left us, after dinner, the doctor, with his usual mixture of solemnity and good humour, undertook to catechise his old pupil. He had not been informed of my business in Wales, and it so happened that my uncle had not given him

the smallest hint of his late conduct respecting me.

After a few questions, to which my answers could not prove very satisfactory, we observed, that he sat musing for some time with his elbow placed upon the table, his arm in a perpendicular position, and his forehead resting upon his knuckles. From this reverie, I roused him by saying, "my dear doctor, you have deserted us; but you are contemplating the grave of Lywe-lyn.

"Pardon me, sir, I was engaged in a more abstruse investigation."

"Of a subject, perhaps, improper for public discussion."

"In the present company, Mr. Stanley, I do not see the impropriety of it. This gentleman and you seem to understand each other very well, but if you find it ill-timed, it shall be de-

ferred. In short, sir, you were the subject."

"By all means bring it forward: it is that, which above all others I wish to study, and with such a tutor, I may entertain hopes of success."

"Nay, sir, I must apply to you for instructions. In vain have I been puzzling myself to account why a young man of considerable expectations, led by no visible pursuit, and without having engaged one of his old intimates to be of the party, should ramble from his friends and connections, and set himself down at a lodging-house, in an obscure corner on the banks of the Wye."

"Suppose, doctor, we place it to the account of curiosity, might I not wish to see the various scenes of nature, and the different manners of men? And as to company, no one immediately

occured to me that might chooise to embark in the same pursuit."

"Hold, fir; that will never do. If I judge rightly, you have but little of curiosity."

"How so, doctor?"

"Why, about two months ago, for the first time, you visited Bath: you had not been there a fortnight before you began to grumble at the rooms and the company: you longed to extricate yourself from the *insupportable ennui of dissipation*, I think you called it: in another week you left the place, without having observed several things that well merited your attention."

To this I replied, "With the fine company and elegant amusements at Bath, it must be owned, I was successively dazzled, entertained, and disgusted. When I had taken one peep behind the curtain, and beheld the

mysteries of fashionable idolatory, my heart sickened within me ; my curiosity was completely mortified. What had I to look for ? There was nothing else to be seen. The same pitiful trifles constantly returned, like the exact repetition of the movements in an old German clock. I sometimes suspect, indeed, that a few scruples of moroseness enter into my composition ; if it contain an undue proportion for the taste of the polite world, they have nothing to do but to keep their distance, to avoid the bitter plant. But, as I hinted before, I found the pretty things at Bath, a mere manufacture, and in the most laboured efforts of art, there is something stiff, contracted, and poorly imitative. As for native character, private opinion, manly sentiment, or moral virtue, they have no business at the place ; and, upon my conscience,

I believe, they very seldom intrude. When I observed five hundred human beings, like a flock of geese, waddle after one another into every fashion, every amusement, however monstrous, however puerile; when I saw them nibble at every vice and every virtue that came in their way, without sentiment or discernment; my indignation arose, I flung in my D. I. O. and escaped from the vortex of frivolity. "One of these gentry," I exclaimed, as I seated myself in the coach and looked over my shoulder at the pump-room and its group of busy idlers, "one of these gentry is no more to be compared to a monkey, than that ingenious creature, with all his tricks and grimaces, is to be ranked with a man, who retains the open character and liberal sentiments of nature. A monkey's movements are governed by

his own discretion; but these human puppets cannot open their mouths, or lift a paw, but as they are prompted by the springs of fashion."

"Well, Mr. Stanley, I shall leave the great world to defend its own cause, or to provide a better advocate than I can pretend to be. But I must observe that, in your letter to me, you gave a very lame account of the plan of the new buildings and the elegant improvements at the pumproom."

"By objects of this nature, doctor Pemberton, I am not easily attracted. In my boyish days, my fancy has been dilated by reading the Arabian Night's Entertainments. And during many a solitary evening's ramble, have I erected edifices of the imagination with a superior magnificence, on a grander scale, and I may add, more whimsical and useless than any thing the Bath

architects have raised, or ever will raise. The buildings, in question, it is true, excited a momentary admiration; but the impression soon vanished. I thought of the beings for whose accommodation they were intended."

"Stanley," says the doctor, you make me blush for you. I thought myself rather wanting in taste for modern elegance; but you—'tis too shocking: I must give you up for an oddity of a superior cast."

"Allow me first to say that my pleasure is more sincere, as well as my memory more retentive, when I visit a small hut of half the size of this room, erected for the accommodation of industry, and those arts which are really serviceable to mankind. That I am an oddity, is no new discovery. At the present juncture, I have hopes of using the character to my own advan-

tage. It will be a plea for my attaching myself to your company, during your perambulations among the Welsh mountains. We oddities (admit the term, doctor) seldom meet; but whenever chance brings us together, we always discover a gregarious instinct. If I am come into Wales upon an improper errand, or have any unworthy object in view, take your opportunity to detect it, and spare me not."

"This, sir," said Watkins, "is bringing the matter to a fair issue. From the short acquaintance I have had with this gentleman, I am convinced he is a honest, hearty fellow. Notwithstanding a few *twitches* of the spleen, you will find him, in the best sense of the phrase, *Epicuri de grege porcum*."

"But by your leave, sir," replies the doctor, "before he is admitted in-

to the herd of a philosopher, he must undergo a severe probation. I have not yet done with him. Here, fir," addressing himself to me, and taking a paper out of his pocket book, "your reason for travelling, I find, is a secret; but here is an indictment for high crimes and misdemeanours. Peruse it at your leisure, and when you can satisfactorily refute the charge, you shall be duly admitted to initiation.—You see, fir," speaking to Watkins, "with Mr. Stanley, I use the liberty of a friend; but to you I ought to apologize for introducing such conversation."

"We were rather out of common topics," replied the attorney: "I am, therefore, particularly obliged to you for bringing a trial upon the carpet. It is quite in my way, and I hope to be employed, either for the prisoner, or for the prosecution."

"The bottle stands with you," rejoins the doctor: take a double fee, and act, as occasion may serve, for both parties."

"How is this, doctor! A letter from Tom Ridgway, in which I am at all concerned! Excuse my reading it out: with deference to this honorable court, I humbly trust I shall be competent to defend my own cause against any charge this genius has to allege."

"Put it into your pocket, Mr. Stanley."

"By no means, my old friend. Having reason to apprehend that I labour under some serious portion of your displeasure, I feel great impatience to have it removed."—I began the letter as follows:

"Never was a conceited member of your pedantic club more unfortunate in

applying the wise proverbs of Confucius, or the seven sages, than the profound philosopher, doctor Pemberton, has been, in forming his just expectations from a young man of fortune. How, in the name of absurdity, could you dream of such a thing? You saw me pop at once into the possession of an ample estate, and ushered with some eclat into the polite world. Could it be imagined that I should throw away these advantages for the mere purpose of humouring a few stupid farmers; that I should cherish no higher ambition than that of obtaining a good report from all the old gossips in the parish? No, sir, young gentlemen, my equals, shall never point out Tom Ridgway for a notorious raff. If I cannot glitter in the front of the line, I will at least lose no credit at the post where my genius and education have

placed me. With what man or what woman of spirit can I associate, unless I do as the world does? With my snugg piccioletta—my hey-gee-ho—my hundred guineas to your five—in at his brush, through an ocean of claret—That's your fort, my old boy. 'Tis life; and while my fortune and credit hold out, I will not desert it an inch. Should my constitution chance to be made of tougher materials than the others, why then, I will turn philosopher; I will harangue upon the *vanity of the age*; and, by your leave, doctor, I shall have studied the subject much better than you have done. Your Plato's and your Xenophon's said some fine things, I confess; but they could mean nothing more than to hum mere schoolboys. Seven years ago I determined to conduct myself in such a way, as might have induced the sober

gentlemen, if present, to pat me upon the shoulder. But now, I acknowledge but one philosopher ; and while I retain the least trace of the crooked characters, Anacreon is the lad for me. I wonder where the venerable dunces of his age found sufficient candour to dub him, *the wise man*. He richly deserved the title, for he hated thinking. And in truth, doctor, it is a confounded bore : nothing gives such a clownish, sneaking cast to a gentleman's countenance. If I once think within these forty years, may I be set down at the silver table at lady ***'s rout ! may I have a huge crimson pimple on each side of my nose at the next birthnight ball !

“ You lose your labour, my old Mentor : I am heartily ashamed of the character I have hitherto supported. Having denied myself every gratifica-

tion, out of deference to the opinion of certain gentlemen of the last age—in truth, they give me no credit for it. It is impossible my complaisance can hold out at this rate.

“ *Begin to form my conduct by the line of sober reason.*” What! at the age of four-and-twenty, doctor Pemberton, and possessed of double that number of thousands! Persuade a man that has the use of his legs to hobble upon crutches.

“ As to the terrible spectres you foresee in my way—ruinous gambling—unwieldy mortgages—Doctor’s-commons—banishment to the continent—and the lord knows what, and Tom cares not—Depend upon it, doctor, I shall pursue the high road of life, and if I encounter these impertinent bugbears, I must squeeze by them as many a gallant fellow has done before me.”

"Very well, master Thomas," said I, putting down the paper, "You have given us a sketch of your portrait."

"And I dare say, a tolerable likeness," adds Mr. Watkins.

"The greater shame for fashion and its absurd devotees!" replies the doctor.

"There, sir, you and I still agree in opinion; but so far, the letter has nothing to do with me. Oh! here it comes." "The example of Harry Stanley has often been quoted to me, and always to my disadvantage. What egregious dupes (pardon me, doctor) you philosophers are! you always meditate with your eyes shut." "I know Harry better than any of you. Old Rustyput, his uncle, missed but little of spoiling a fine genius! but Harry is still a lad of spirit, and, when he has entirely shaken off his trammels, will make a shining figure. To point out

his disengagement from the frigid maxims of old age, I will give you a trait of his character, and, upon my honour, I do it with the friendly view, to afford him an opportunity of justifying his conduct to sober sixty-five, and thus encourage him entirely to throw aside the disgraceful mask. Attend then, and wonder, ye philosophers, who know as much of mankind as of the inhabitants of Jupiter.

“ Every one, but you and old Squaretoes, has long ago perceived that Harry is damnably ashamed of that humdrum profession, for which his pious uncle has had him cropped; and that he has applied the emolument of his living to procure deputy fathers for his own children. Should this be too sublime for your comprehension, I would advise you to take a ride to W——, and you will find that your

favourite disciple is no enemy to female endearments, though, it must be owned, rather too much attached to the pastoral style."

"There, sir," said doctor Pember-ton, "it may be necessary to pause."

"Preposterous coxcomb!" I exclaimed, "This is the *friendly* method by which Tom has thought proper to revenge his pique!"

"Then he owed you a grudge?"

"A mere trifle, doctor; but it was ridiculous enough. One day, at Bath, he took me to the coachmaker's, and with a profusion of eloquence, advised me to purchase a very elegant and fashionable phaeton. It had been built for a young man whose creditors had sufficient influence to persuade him to leave the city at midnight in a humble post-chaise; and was therefore to be had upon reasonable terms. We were

next to go to Mr. Dash, where I should see a set of the nicest little tits that ever scoured the road. The price was only three hundred guineas. Upon my rejecting the gay spark's advice, he lamented that I still suffered my spirit to be so damnably curbed by that old gouty gentleman, who must die one of these days and leave me his estate. I offended my monitor by a blunt declaration, that he should find I had sufficient spirit to act as a man, and judge for myself, and too much to be at the expence of imitating those fops I despised. The spark was nettled, and applying the sarcasm to himself, told me that so rude a speech ought to be answered only by a challenge, but he could pity the prejudices of my education. As he was turning away I nodded with a smile, saying there were men whose good opinion I

should always think too dearly purchased by the exchange of a pistol-shot. In this retort, I had no personal aim at poor Tom. In spite of his ambition, he is so far eclipsed in frivolity by some beaux who frequent that city, as scarcely to deserve even to be ranked in the order."

"And so, that curious tale," said Watkins, "is entirely of his own invention?"

"I cannot say entirely: something of it he might have heard."

"Then, you admit, it has some foundation?"

"A kind of foundation, doctor; but the particulars are too tedious to relate at present."

The doctor drew himself up with the utmost gravity, saying, "A man should never think any thing too tedious, Mr. Stanley, that is necessary for the defence of his character."

“Then have a little patience, and you shall hear the simple fact, which this puppy has so strangely distorted. I flatter myself, it will neither prove that I turn out a hardy libertine, nor that I am ashamed of my profession. The latter was my voluntary choice, and the other will for ever be my contempt and aversion. The living which my dear uncle gave me brings in the neat sum of a hundred and sixty pounds a year. When I came to it, I made the best acknowledgment in my power for the liberal support I had hitherto obtained, adding, that, as I now possessed an independency, I did not think it reasonable to be any longer burdensome to so generous a benefactor.” “No, Harry,” answered the good old man, “I did not give you the living in order to get rid of you. My steward will pay you the hundred

guineas a quarter, as usual. With me you fill the place of a son, and I have no reason to be dissatisfied with you, excepting for one thing: you do not sufficiently consider me as a father."

"To acknowledge such a father," I replied, "is my happiness and my pride. I hope I shall never cease to deserve his esteem and protection."

"The way to do that, Henry, is to consider yourself as having a just claim to a comfortable establishment: and, without galling your mind with *obligation*, *gratitude*, and such stuff, to fix your eye upon the true point of honour, the promotion of human happiness; and confiding in your own judgment, to act freely from that principle, as independent on the follies of the world, and the whims of an old man. The income of the living, you may either add to your present stipend, or dispose

of at your own discretion. I shall only hint that I have the confidence in you to believe, you will never lay it out in the purchase of uneasy reflections."

"Taking leave of my uncle, I resided great part of the year, at the rectory, with my predecessor's widow."

"A delicate situation for a young man!" observed the doctor.

"My situation gave no occasion for slander. The ladies brother, my old schoolfellow, Wilson, was my companion as long as I remained at the house, which I found in ill condition. The whole year's income was little enough to put it in decent repair."

"Then you did not claim dilapidations?" said the attorney.

"As soon as the architect had given in his estimate, the whole sum was tendered to me, unclaimed; but to

accept of it would have most wofully dilapidated my own conscience. The late worthy rector had left, in the care of his widow and the Divine Providence, three charming little girls, but slenderly provided for. I had the two youngest upon my knees, and the eldest was mending my glove, when Mrs. Harvey brought out three fourths of her all, one hundred and fifty guineas, and laid them upon the table. It was the bread of the orphans: should I touch it? Affluence never gave me sincere pleasure till it enabled me to refuse this sum.

“ I have now made Wilson my curate, with the annual stipend of eighty pounds. He is fellow elect of Corpus, and will find this appointment very convenient till he comes upon the establishment.

“ But all I had hitherto done was no

more than a tribute to private friendship. To discover what self-complacency might result from an act of disinterested charity, a new experiment was yet to be made; for I consider the occasional relief of importunate beggars as a very different thing. While my whole support flowed from my uncle's purse, I had made it a point of delicacy to indulge in any visionary scheme of this kind. For though I knew he would cheerfully contribute, it still occurred to me that he had the greatest right to dispose of his bounty, in his own way. But now the case was altered: the remaining eighty pounds arising from the living was a discretionary sum, which I determined to bestow upon some benevolent plan, and this I thought could not be done any where with greater propriety than in

the parish where the money was collected.

“ In this very place I soon remarked a moral irregularity, the pernicious effects of which I for some time studied how to counteract. At last, I hit upon a method, at once so whimsical and so beneficent, that I resolved to put it into immediate practice.

“ The whole of the business was this. It frequently happened that young persons, among the lower order of the parishioners, being attached by mutual affection, and wishing to join their little interests for life, were deterred from marriage by the stern menaces of penury. Human passions, however, are ingenious when they want to be gratified. These people esteemed it a matter of prudence to preserve their places and employments as long as they could; while in the mean time, be-

cause they knew each other's minds, they thought it no great harm to indulge the propensities of nature. When the female's apron began to tell tales, the usual consequence was her own disgrace and wretchedness, the flight and profligacy of the young fellow, and an additional burden upon the industrious husbandman. The parish officers had repeatedly administered the old prescription of warrants and handcuffs; but it seldom operated kindly, or produced a desirable effect. I therefore caused it to be made public, that for the present year, twenty pounds each would be paid as a portion to four women already in this situation, upon their marriage to their respective lovers: and that if there happened to be more claimants, they should be distinguished according to their previous good character. Thus have I already

set up four little families in a decent way. I have reconciled parents to their children, and the victims of vice and idleness to industry and virtue. Some of the brides, I believe, consider their character so far retrieved, that they would rather suffer death than gratify an unlawful passion, even in their benefactor. But I shall never try them."

"And this," says doctor Pemberton, "is your mode of providing deputy fathers for your own children?"

"The case is exactly what I have stated."

"It were well," says Watkins, "if the example could be enforced upon our fat rectors in general."

"The generality of clergymen," I replied, "whatever their inclination may be, are by their circumstances restrained from such eccentric acts."

Some have but small incomes ; the expences of others are habitually great ; and many of them have large families. If the example be worth imitation, it need not be confined to any profession, to any particular order of men. It is at the service of every one that has the will and the power to follow it. But I must tell you, that for the next and succeeding years, obvious reasons oblige me to reverse the plan. The like sum is to be paid annually upon the marriage of four young women of the parish, who have been industrious servants, and whose moral character is unblemished. By this scheme some good effects may be produced, especially if I should live till the vice becomes unfrequent, and consequently infamous ; or till the parish officers are induced, from its influence upon the

poor rates, to distribute small sums annually for the like purpose.

“And now, doctor, if you like my project, advise your kind informer to go and do likewise; but caution him from improving upon the hint, for the promotion of that purpose to which he ascribes my conduct.”

“Mr. Stanley,” says the doctor, “there is something so singular in your character, that I find myself at a loss, to compliment you properly upon your philanthropy. You differ so widely from all other young men, that I cannot imagine from what original you copy.”

“My dear doctor, you should have known enough of me, to conclude that I have not sufficient patience to copy originals; nor meekness to be led blindfold by the multitude. My actions and my thoughts are my own:

they may be sometimes extravagant; but they shall never be servile."

This observation brought forward a little digression, respecting the diversity of character. The doctor maintained that every man had entirely the power of forming his own; that one chose the model of self-interest, another that of established opinion, the fashion of the age, and the like: while, on the contrary, I endeavoured to prove, that a peculiar cast of character, like a set of features, was the gift of nature; and that the impression could never be totally effaced, though it might be either strengthened or worn down to a certain degree, by education, habit, imitation and other accidents. But the plastic dame, I concluded, has favoured me with so bold a stamp, that I must for ever continue to be, what moral historians term *an oddity*; a thing that

bears some analogy to the *lusus naturæ* in your worship's museum."

"We will reserve, if you please," says the doctor, "the subject of human varieties for a future discussion; at present, we must return to the letter, the most serious clause of which still remains. I hope you will get over it with equal ease and credit."

"Now for the experiment," said I, as I proceeded to read as follows: "I fancy old Crutchy has got a scent of the affair. The other morning, I called to congratulate my friend Harry upon the reestablishment of his credit among us, blades of spirit. The esquire told me his nephew was not at the castle, and he could not help me to his address. I proposed to leave a letter with the steward, who would soon find him out; but what do you think was the reply? "My steward

has nothing more to do with Henry Stanley, who is now become master of his own fortune, and is accountable to no one for his movements." I took the hint, suppressed a smile, and made no farther enquiry: yet I sincerely hope the good uncle is not inexorable. Should Henry be obliged to retire to his living, we shall yet lose him among the herd of country parsons."

"I fancy," says the doctor, "there is nothing more that relates to you. I would only observe that, by your uncle's manner of expressing himself, he seems to be really displeased at something."

"His answer, indeed, is rather laconic; but you know Ridgway is not one of his favourites."

"If I mistake not, he plainly intimates that your usual stipend is discontinued."

"It is discontinued."

"And you still talk of disposing of the income of your living, in that generous but romantic manner?"

"At present it is my intention."

"There is something in all this too mysterious for my comprehension."

"Have not you seen my uncle lately?"

"I dined with him this day fortnight."

"And he has not unravelled the mystery?"

"No, sir! But you alarm me. If there is any thing amiss, explain it to me. I will go immediately to the castle, and try my influence with my old friend."

"With gratitude, doctor Pemberton, I acknowledge the kindness of your offer; but you have not yet visited the grave of Lywelyn; and, besides, your

mediation would be too late: my uncle has already determined, and has put his plan into execution. Not to keep you longer in suspense, I will relate the whole transaction.

“ About two months ago, while I was at the rectory, upon a visit to Wilton, I received, one morning, a note from my uncle, requesting my immediate attendance at the castle. Upon my arrival, the old gentleman took me into his closet, and having carefully closed the door with his crutch, spoke, with great gravity, to the following purpose:

“ What I have now to communicate, Henry, demands your serious attention. You remember, that at the time of your father's death, you were but five years old. As he left no estate for your support, I considered the whole duties of a parent as necessarily

devolving upon myself. Your future prospects in life, I could not ascertain : it was at that time uncertain whether I might have children of my own, but I took you under my protection, to the best of my judgment gave you a useful education, and every year laid aside something for your establishment, till that time when I fixed my final resolution—never to marry. While I looked upon you as a child, I freely used the authority of a father. But now you are become a man, it is proper you should stand upon your own foundation. What expectations from me you may have formed, I know not ; but it is my intention not to part with the family estate during my lifetime. That may be for no great while : you see my age and my infirmities : I may perhaps struggle with them for seven years longer : I may

leave you the castle in a month. However that may be, an affair that happened three weeks ago, has made me take your case into serious consideration. Our cousin Pitlock, the banker, has felt the general shock of public credit. He applied to me, and for the present, I have assisted him. Of the liberality of his sentiments, and even of the strictness of his integrity; I can form no very high opinion; and I am ignorant of the real state of his affairs. Being doubtful what effect repeated solicitations might have upon me, I have sold out fifty thousand pounds which I had in the stocks, and hitting upon an opportunity to purchase a pretty freehold estate, have caused the writings to be filled up in your name. Do not interrupt me: the only reason of my not informing you sooner of this business was, that I

would not be troubled with fine speeches. I am ashamed to think, that you have depended so long upon the caprice of an old man ; but it may be for the best. You have seen enough of the world, not to be surprised into its follies. I have now sent for you, because the lawyers, and the other parties, are to attend this forenoon. *You* are to pay the money, and finish the contract."

"He would scarcely hear my awkward remonstrances and embarrassed thanks. Between every sentence I attempted to speak: he exclaimed, " Say nothing about it, Henry. It is yours: you put me to no inconvenience, if you hold your tongue. Enjoy it as a man. You are to support the name, and, I make no doubt, will support the respectable character of the Stanleys."

“What say you now, doctor?” says Watkins. Has the gentleman acquitted himself honourably? For my part, I think the young rake’s letter has been the occasion of elucidating some singular traits of two very worthy characters.”

“Give me the letter,” replies the doctor, “that it may be consigned to merited oblivion. My dear Stanley, I heartily congratulate with you upon your good fortune. Long may you enjoy it, and may my old friend live to see his expectations fully confirmed! He has acted generously: he could never act otherwise. But take one piece of advice, Henry, from a veteran, who has known much of the happiness and much of the adversities of life, and can testify, from his own experience, that a disposition for the enjoyment of society constitutes one of its

chief blessings. Beware how you indulge misanthropic sentiments. If you look upon the innocent absurdities of mankind with too supercilious an eye, if you treat even the profligate and the frivolous with too rigorous a disdain; you will gradually contract an aversion from society in general; and that unamiable weakness will soon become its own punishment. Satisfied as I am that you will never stoop to any thing mean, or turn aside to that which is really vicious, it gives me pain to hear you express yourself with so much sourness, respecting those elegant amusements which you ought, in some measure to enjoy, and which men of different habits from us, but of no less cultivated understandings, deem essential to the humanization of the heart."

This harangue was occasioned by my philippic against the amusements and

company at Bath. The doctor, we know, is no great adept in the science of politeness. I consider myself as being more his equal in that, than in any other respect; but, like an expert swimmer, he strikes boldly when he gets beyond his own depth. Between ourselves, he is not aware of all the reasons for my ill humour. Can I ever forgive the company or the place that perverted the good sense of our amiable Lucy, persuaded her that happiness consisted in a coach and six, and made her the victim of an ungenerous and indigent fortune-hunter? To the doctor I only replied: "Be not apprehensive, my good friend, I shall ever withdraw myself from such society as can be enjoyed with innocence. Where the heart is good, I can freely excuse, and as freely expose a thousand little absurdities; but where the main

business of existence is frivolity and vice, shall I follow the herd? Not till you set me the example. Ever since I became competent to choose a hobby horse (which, by the bye, makes part of every man's stud) independence upon the fashion of the day has been mine. It is a sure-footed nag that has carried me safe over many a rough and many a dirty road. I will never part with him, especially as a generous relation has enabled me to mount him with a better grace, and ride him as I please."

Such, my dear Wilson, was our desultory chat till we were called to tea. I send you all I can recollect of it, to shew you how many silly things may be said in a couple of hours.

It is an absurdity, among a thousand others which fashion has introduced and established, that men should talk

the greatest nonsense imaginable rather than continue silent. To expose the manner in which you and your friends are spoken of in your absence may be somewhat irregular; but how could the rules of politeness ever be duly confirmed, if a whimsical oddity now and then did not furnish a few exceptions?

After tea, the doctor retired to study. Watkins and I walked with the ladies to the river's side, tutored them the use of the angling rods, and between us caught a fine dish of trout for supper.

I am, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER VI.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

THE generality of our days, like the shadow of a summer cloud, pass over us unnoticed. They glide silently away, without leaving a visible trace behind. When once gone, they are utterly forgotten; and it is only the date of the present instant that convinces us, they have ever been. This day, however, in my life, is one of the few that bear an indelible character; but whether the impresson will be remembered with pleasure or regret, time only can discover. The events of

it may be important to myself alone ; yet my friend will excuse me if I trouble him with a particular account of them.

After breakfast, I was deserted by all the company. Some law business had called Watkins to Brecknock. The doctor had retired to his cabinet, and the ladies were engaged about private affairs.

A shower of rain, in the morning, had deterred me from riding or walking out, and one of my occasional fits of fastidiousness took away all relish for finishing my drawings, my favourite amusement within doors. I envied doctor Pemberton's taste for antiquities. Happy man ! he can find a copious source of entertainment, in the fragment of a fossil cockle-shell, or a rusty nail. In a mood of listless apathy, I had twice pored over every paragraph

in the Gloucester Journal, unable to command sufficient attention to know what I read, when I was suddenly roused from my stupor, by an incident not very common in this neighbourhood. A carriage, distinguished by a respectable crest, drove up to the door. Perceiving that it contained a family in deep mourning, I drew my chair within a convenient distance of the window, in order to see through the blind, without being myself distinctly seen. A venerable looking gentleman alights from the coach, and gives his arm to assist a pretty young creature about fourteen. While I was contemplating her black animated eyes, and sweet dimpled chin, the old man had handed out another lady. "It is your mamma, my charming miss," thought I; "but for the present she must excuse my inattention." She had stepped aside

to console a child, that in the hurry of curiosity to see the equipage, had fallen down and hurt itself. I just cast a careless glance—Oh Wilson! *Ut vidi, ut perii!* The image of the first young lady was effaced, in a moment, by this lovely, interesting woman, who seems about six year older. The compassionate office in which I saw her engaged gave me an opportunity of observing her very particularly. She is a little inclined to tallness, genteel and elegant in her figure. Her carriage is unaffectedly easy; and her features, if not the most regular I have ever seen, are sweetly harmonious, delicate, and impressive. Her whole countenance is marked with an engaging softness, a pensive sensibility. But the tender transparency of her complexion, and the lambent melancholy that beams in her eyes, convince me, that she does

not *bear about the mockery of woe*: she is *a mourner at heart*. I could have gazed upon her to this moment; but a young woman, whom I judge to be her attendant, had now alighted from the coach: they all entered the house, and vanished from my sight. My curiosity, to say nothing more, was strongly excited by this simple incident: nay, I felt myself interested in an unusual degree.

Perhaps the mind, which previously had been a perfect vacuum, was prepared to admit with redoubled force the intrusion of new ideas. The strangers were conducted to apartments, which the esquire had hitherto reserved for his own use. I heard them enter the large dining-room over my head.

The only object now left to fix my attention was the carriage; and with

satisfaction I observed the servants busily employed in unpacking the traveling trunks. My heart told me it was a sure pledge of some further acquaintance with the lovely pensive lady.

I feel an inward presage that it will prove an interesting acquaintance. Notwithstanding the sovereign contempt, with which your wise dogmatical blockheads treat the fanciful hypothesis of Lavater, and the nice perceptions of sensibility; it is confirmed by the testimony of a thousand facts, that we can discover, by simple intuition, an enlarged understanding, elevated sentiment, the heavenly glow of benevolence, and a noble train of virtues, more than a whole college of cold moralists could investigate in seven years. If the present instance deceives me, you may call me a child in the science of human nature.

To confess to you that this luminous vision has subdued me at a single glance, would be giving too just an occasion to your raillery ; but, candidly, I am afraid to put the question home to my own heart. You must be allowed to suspect that your friend is over head and ears in love—but—with whom ? This letter shall not be closed till I can tell you something more about it.

Having carefully folded up my paper, I strolled into the great hall, and had an opportunity of accosting our hostess :

“ I perceive, Mrs. Williams, you have a family come unexpectedly.”

“ I knew of their coming, sir : I had esquire Powell’s letter last Thurs-

day, and so was prepared for their reception."

"Do they make any considerable stay?"

"It is not certain: perhaps, for six weeks, or two months."

"Mr. Powell, I presume, resides in this part of Wales?"

"He is a Pembroke-shire gentleman, a relation of our landlord's."

"And the young ladies are his daughters?"

"One of them he calls cousin; but I find the tallest is his daughter, and a fine young lady she is, sir; though, poor thing! she seems to be fast going in a *decline*."

"Heaven forbid!"

"The young lady is of your acquaintance, sir?"

"No, I never saw her before to-day. What made you suppose it?"

"I only guessed so much from your manner of speaking."

"Do you think, then, I could not be interested in the health of a fine woman, though she were a perfect stranger?"

"Very possibly, sir: and I hope I may be wrong in my opinion of this lady's health; but the appearance, I assure you, is very unfavorable. I know what it is too well. Just in the same way, I lost my poor Nancy, who was a very good girl, and a fine girl, I assure you, though she was my daughter."

My heart throbbed as she uttered these words. A great many more interesting questions were prevented by Mr. Powell's entering the room. He called to the good woman, and desired to have a bit of dinner carried up stairs, as his daughter complained of fatigue,

and wished to be retired. Mrs. Williams went to give some necessary orders, and the gentleman enquired for his servant. Finding my curiosity disappointed for the present, I sauntered up and down till dinner time, indulging the most melancholy reflections on the sad apprehensions of our landlady. Stepping into the parlour, I was surprised to see Mrs. Jones and her daughter full dressed, and observed to Maria that she looked more bewitching than ever. "'Tis true," answered the lively girl, "some pains have been taken to set me off to the best advantage, but, I promise you, not for the purpose of catching your eye. My ambition was to be introduced to these fine ladies, who, after all, are so provoking, they choose to keep to themselves."

"It was very kind in them," I re-

plied, "to give you an opportunity of displaying so much elegant taste."

"There is a good deal in that to be sure; and yet it is mortifying enough to reflect, that the only reward of two hours deep study, and diligent toil, is a forced compliment from an old acquaintance."

"You will have an opportunity, by and bye," observed Mrs. Jones, "to display your finery; and, upon the whole, I think you have no reason to complain. Mr. Powell has not been wanting in polite attention to us."

For Miss Powell you must have some consideration: if you had so lately lost a beloved and indulgent mother, it is probable you would not be much more disposed for society than she is."

"I hope, my dear mamma," said Maria, "no such trial awaits me. My suspicion perhaps was wrong; but

when Miss Powell's fatigue, after a ride from Brecknock, was offered as an excuse, I thought it almost amounted to a forbiddance of our acquaintance."

"But you know, Maria, the young lady has been dangerously ill. Not having yet perfectly recovered her strength and spirits, she must have experienced great inconvenience from a ride, which, to you, would have been a pleasant recreation."

From this trifling dialogue I collected some interesting particulars. I heard the lady called *Miss Powell*; a name which my heart had previously pronounced, though without sufficient authority: for, so little skilled am I in the distinctions of female dress, that it remained uncertain whether she mourned for a near relation or for the untimely death of a husband. With still

greater pleasure I learned that Mrs. Williams' conjecture was ill-founded, and that the lady, instead of being threatened with a consumption, was in reality a convalescent.

One important question yet remains—has she a lover? That you may venture to resolve in the affirmative; and, provided the poor swain has no very formidable rival, you may expect some good news from

Yours, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER VII.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilton,

HAVING some business relative to the farm to settle with Mr. Thomas, I had appointed to call upon him this morning. But, some how or other, the time was whiled away within doors. The ostensible reason of which, even to myself, was the arrangement of some necessary papers. Perhaps the real one was a secret hope that I should see Miss Powell going out for an airing. My servant was dispatched to put off the appointment till to-morrow. Discovering, soon after, that

the lady was not about to come down stairs, I felt a momentary disappointment succeeded by some reflections upon my conduct and blushing self-reproach.

I took up my hat, and walked out to sketch a little view which I had set down in my memorandums. The point of sight did not please me: the light was badly disposed, and the landscape less picturesque than my glowing fancy had represented it. In short, my hand was out and my head crowded with conjectures about the fair incognita. Putting up my little drawing case, and striding briskly over the slope of the hill, I resolved to decide with myself the important question, "Am I or am I not in love." After a serious deliberation, I could find no very solid proofs of the negative, and was just upon the point of closing the

debate, when a little impertinent demurrer, called *common prudence*, stared me in the face, exclaiming with a malicious sneer, “Stanley! dost thou not act like a fool? What! love at first sight—love through a Venetian blind—love a mere outside? It will be an eternal disgrace to thy philosophy and thy understanding.” Shrinking from so formidable an opponent, I now endeavoured to resolve the whole into a generous sympathy with the lady’s apparent affliction, and a benevolent wish to relieve it. But the aforesaid acute adversary immediately retorted, “Such anxious curiosity, such musing perplexity, are not the proper expression, nor the due measure of philanthropy. If thou seest a human being in distress, which thy compassion can soothe and thy charity alleviate, thy hand and thy heart should both be ready; but in

this instance thy benevolence would be equally impertinent and ineffectual. Opulence would reject thy contribution with disdain; and private sorrow retire from thy condolence.

What is yet more, benevolence must not be bribed by an elegant person, or a delicate set of features. What is it then thou dost pretend to feel! it is not admiration of superior abilities: thou hast been witness to none. It is not the attraction of congenial sentiments: thou art ignorant what her sentiments may be. Thou wouldst call it love, Stanley; but it cannot be love founded upon just principles. Thou knowest nothing of her qualifications for securing the comforts of life. Thou knowest not her temper, her engagements, nor her situation. Her health, for aught thou canst tell, may be irreparably injured, and thou art

not informed of her virtues or her vices."

But to give her up, on account of her precarious health, would be ungenerous ; and, as to moral rectitude, that countenance could belong to virtue only, to true nobleness of soul. — "Peace, folly ! wilt thou trust to the mere illusion of fancy, the fond dream, and the snare of the simple ?"

I feel and must confess my malady : it is the disease of an idle mind, debilitated for want of certain pursuit and manly exertion. I will apply myself to some course of study, some worthy design that shall afford employment to myself and advantage to mankind ; otherwise I shall disgrace the gifts of nature and fortune : I shall become something more despicable than the ape of fashion, the slave of whim and caprice. But, first of all, I must im-

mediately leave this place.—“No! that will be weak and cowardly: it may be irretrievably injurious. Miss Powell may be every thing that a transported imagination can represent. In her may possibly be secured that inestimable treasure, which no man finds a second time. I will stay, and wait the event; shake off the prepossessions of fancy; act as a man, and let reason and discretion determine my conduct.” Fortified with this heroic decision, I returned to the hall, and now sit down to inform my friend, that I have finally resolved that I can come to no resolution.

In our little sitting room, doctor Pemberton was engaged in conversation with Mr. Powell, to whom, in my absence, he had found means of intro-

ducing himself. He did me the honour to announce me as his friend, and the nephew of the most worthy man in England. Mr. Powell, is an intelligent, agreeable man, seemingly of a placid temper. In his manner, I discover much more of conciliating ease than of commending animation. He is a man whose presence rather inspires confidence, than captivates attention.

We talked upon common subjects till he was summoned up stairs. Having bespoke his company for an hour after dinner, we got up to join our own party. Soon after the ladies had withdrawn, Mr. Powell entered the room, and informed the doctor that he had just been ushering Mrs. Jones and her daughter into the dining-room. "My poor Eliza," says he, "was so low yesterday and this morning, she could not see them. Ever since her

mother's death she has been very averse from society; but I take every opportunity of pressing it upon her as the best lenitive against the keener pangs of sorrow.

"And in these ladies, sir," observed the doctor, "she will find society unaffectedly cheerful and agreeable."

"That I am fully aware of," replied Mr. Powell, "being no stranger to their character and connexions. Mr. Jones and his family command the esteem of their acquaintance. For many years he rented a considerable estate of my cousin Wilkins, who has frequently observed to me, with satisfaction, that, upon his feast days, the simple, honest farmers of the parish used to join both their healths in the same bumper. Mr. Jones inherited a snug patrimony from his ancestors: and though, like the rest of us Welsh free-

holders, he is not a little proud of his pedigree, I am happy to add, that it has proved no bar to his industry, which has been crowned with merited success. He now occupies only a few acres for the use of his house, being retired from business to enjoy the accomplishment of his wishes, a convenient, not an unwieldy fortune."

"I fear," says the doctor, with a significant nod, "he is got tired of being happy. Men accustomed to business seldom find in retirement all the satisfaction they expect. Instead of it, a woful weariness generally succeeds, a sad blank of the mind, which gives admission to melancholy disease, and frequently premature old age."

"This man's active genius," replies Mr. Powell, "which is always pursuing some scheme or other with a view to public utility, will never leave an

opening for such maladies. At present, he is negotiating with my cousin Wilkins, and the freeholders of the place, a plan for the inclosure of a large common. It is a tract of moorish land, which, according to this great farmer, may, by proper draining and manuring, be converted into excellent meadow. To his judgment in his own profession, I freely submit : but it is rather unaccountable how a man of Mr. Jones' liberal sentiments, can rob the poor of their privilege of common."

This observation produced from the doctor a reply, stating, that he considered such privileges as productive of more disadvantage than real benefit to the poor, and that every view of the subject convinced him, that the great quantity of waste land tended rather to

aggravate than relieve the distresses of the lower class of society.

I mentioned that an English gentleman-farmer had lately made the same remark to me, and assured me I should be convinced of the fact as soon as I entered into Wales.

“Why was Wales particularized?” said the doctor.

From the road leading from Bath to Gloucester, we had a distant view of the sharp cones and barren ridges of the Cambrian mountains. The gentleman began comparing them with the high grounds in that neighbourhood. “Here, in England,” said he, “the very summits of the hills are cultivated and rendered fruitful; whereas, in Wales, they are suffered to remain wild and desolate, to the disgrace of the inhabitants, and the perpetuity of their proverbial poverty.”

This recital gave occasion to a dissertation. My memory will by no means do it justice; but it will give you a faint idea of the doctor's opinion upon one or two subjects which have excited public attention; and furnish you with some of his reasons for maintaining such opinions.

“Give me leave to hint to you,” says he, “that neither the English nor Welsh have attained such a degree of consistency in their plan of agriculture as will justify them in reproaching the absurdity of their neighbours. Yet so deeply rooted is prejudice in favour of long-established custom, that many a farmer on this side of the Severn would, with equal confidence, assert, that his countrymen act upon the most rational principle, in cultivating, with the utmost care, their vallies and plains, while they abandon to their sheep and

young cattle the hills and barren grounds only, as less likely to reward the husbandman's toil. But, in the mean time, he would never reflect, that by sheltering the declivities of their mountains with plantations of such timber as would bear the situation, his dear Welshmen might abundantly increase their herds of black cattle, and augment their internal wealth. Yet this is a proposition equally true. For it appears from experiment, that it is not the natural and invincible sterility of their soil, but their exposure to the parching sun in the summer months, and to the keen winds in spring, that renders the Welsh mountains so unproductive. I have myself seen some small enclosures in this country, upon very high eminences, surrounded by dreary heath, where a judicious arrangement of walls, and plantations of Northern

evergreens, have rendered the ground within their verge sufficiently fertile to encourage enterprize and reward industry.

“As to the improvement of the soil, in that part of England you mentioned, I have to observe, that while the farmers boast of their endeavours to extort a scanty crop of wheat from their niggardly hills (a thing in itself highly meritorious), their husbandry is disgraced by suffering the rich vale beneath to be deformed by ten thousand acres of excellent land, utterly abandoned to thorns, brambles, and mole-hills. What good reason can be assigned, why these wastes should not be properly inclosed, and made to furnish their quota for the support of the inhabitants?”

“One obvious reason,” replied Mr. Powell, “is, that the liberty of turn-

ing out their young stock into these commons is always understood in the leases of the adjoining farmers, many of whom, if deprived of this privilege, would be losers by their bargains, and all would have subject of complaint against the injustice and oppression of the measure."

"All this, sir, I take into consideration: and, in my opinion, the matter might be easily adjusted between the lords of manors, the freeholders, and their respective tenants. Together with the inconveniences you have stated, many others of the like sort would be obviated, were the proprietor of each estate to ascertain and inclose his own proportion. Till the expiration of the current leases, these inclosures might be annexed to the several estates, and afterward converted into small farms for the encouragement of indigent me-

rit, and to rouse emulation in those lazy cottagers, whom you may now see basking in the sun, for want of better employment, to watch their cow, or their mare feeding upon the common; while their tawny children, without shoes or stockings to their feet, and with uncovered hair radiated like the quills of a porcupine, trudge about to gather flos and blackberries, utterly untutored to any useful purpose in society."

"I have not sufficiently considered this subject," says Mr. Powell, "to be myself a competent judge of it; but it has been observed to me, that the expence which attends the execution of such projects frequently overbalances all the advantages to be gained by them."

"It must be acknowledged," replies the doctor, "Uncultivated nature can-

not be subdued without labour and expence ; and in some ill-concerted plans for this purpose, the burden has been known to press very partially. These and other objections may, therefore, be started by individuals who have not well digested the subject, or who can look no further than their present and private interest: but I am arguing for the good of the community at large, and for the benefit of posterity in conjunction with our own. Had our forefathers been governed by the same narrow principles, we should have found the whole island an uncultivated wilderness. The same prospects of famine and desolation would have opened to our eyes, as present themselves to our adventurous countrymen at Port Jackson.

But to view the subject in a fairer light, it is evident that England scarce-

ly contains an acre of common land, which due cultivation and proper management could not clothe with six-fold fertility. The experiment would be expensive; yet that expence would principally consist in the price of labour: so that your main objection is levelled against the honest employment of the poor; a thing in itself, the most advantageous that can be proposed to society in general, and to landholders in particular; as may be clearly comprehended if you reflect, that, unless you enable the poor to support themselves by their labour, you must support them in idleness. Did the respective parishes, where such inclosures are to be made, procure the work to be done by their own indigent inhabitants, at such seasons as they could not get other employment, one half of the expenditure would be immediately re-

imbursed to the farmers by the diminution of the annual rates.

“ And what is yet more, when the term should arrive for the landed gentlemen to parcel out their valuable new acquisitions into small farms, those farms would become the proper field for the industry and enterprize of many distressed families, who are now reduced to idleness and absolute dependence, for want of a capital to stock larger estates. He that cannot procure a team and a plough to occupy a corn-farm, might cultivate his little field with the spade, and plant potatoes. By giving him such an opportunity, the freeholders would relieve their tenants of great part of the poor tax, and would have the merit of rendering a considerable body of men respectable and useful members of society, who are, at present, its burden and disgrace: for, you may

depend upon it, gentlemen, by holding out the means of prosperity you would soon procure candidates. Mankind are born with a spirit of enterprise and independence, which can never be absolutely subdued, but with extreme mortification and painful self-contempt. While men are constrained, by the controlling hand of penury, to act under such wretched influence, every generous sentiment must be stifled in their breasts: they cannot be happy in themselves, or really useful to others. This, however, must be the case with thousands, as long as want of beneficial employment, habits of idleness, poverty, dependence, and contempt, succeed each other, by a regular but woful gradation. To compel these wretches to expire under involuntary distresses, or commit depredations on the public for necessary

subistence, no man of humanity and common sense can think of. Every scheme, therefore, which is set on foot, for regulating and restraining the growing load of contributions for the indigent, must be either cruel or abortive, till a radical cure for indigence itself be undertaken, and carried into effect. And what nostrum can be devised, so truly sanative, as that of teaching the poor to respect themselves, by pointing out the proper scope of industry, and encouraging perseverance by the reward of a comfortable subsistence?

“Hence we may safely conclude, that, as the single project of cultivating the waste lands in England and Wales would enable the kingdom to produce, yearly, thousands of fat beeves and ten thousands of loads of wheat, more than it does at present; as it would employ thousands of additional

hands in cultivation, which have been hitherto idle, oppressive, and profligate, because they have nothing to do; and as it would not be attended with the shadow of a public, and with a very trifling private expence, that could be deemed permanent or real; no argument can be advanced against it, which is either politic, economical, or liberal."

After this solemn peroration, I simply ventured to hint, that a general enclosure of the commons might be an impediment to the breed of young cattle.

The doctor replied, with a smile, "I will tell you a story, sir. A few summers ago, we had remarkably fine weather during the hay harvest. I observed to a farmer, that the season would be the making of him. "Why, master," says he, "I do not know

what to say about it; I have had a very good crop, to be sure, and have made it all, without a drop of rain: there will be plenty of hay for the milch cows; but what must be done for the young beasts?"

"Why, farmer, if the young beasts cannot get bad hay, they must make shift with good."

I foresaw the application of the doctor's story, and could not help laughing at my own absurdity.

Mr. Powell, for the most part, acquiesced in my old friend's opinion, and promised to think better in future of Mr. Jones' undertaking; expressing, at the same time, his doubts whether any plan of economy could relieve us from a burdensome poor, unless the government could, now and then, detach a superfluous half million of

inhabitants, to colonize some unoccupied lands.

“ While a useless bramble, bush, or thistle, remains in England,” replies the doctor, “ or while a Dutchman can load his fishing smack on our coasts, we can have no right to complain of being overstocked with inhabitants : for a number, merely sufficient, if properly directed, would teach every inch of land that supports a noxious weed, to produce something better ; and would surround the fish with our own nets. The evil which you imagine, therefore, is so far from being really felt, that we are now sufferers by the bad policy of our ancestors, in obligating their poor to till the wilds of America ; and maintaining them there at an enormous expence, while so much remained to be done at home ; and our posterity must expect to feel

the like disagreeable consequences, if our present politicians reason, and our legislature act upon the same absurd principles, in forming and supporting a colony among the very antipodes. A numerous colony they may indeed establish, for they will not want thieves for transportation. Our charitable contributions, as they are all called, prove more commonly the resource of indolence, than the reward of merit, or the refuge of misfortune; and where men are paid for being idle they are taught to steal. At an expence comparatively trifling, these unfortunate exiles might have been kept honest at home, by giving them work to do, and letting them taste the sweetness of the bread they earn."

Mr. Powell observed, that he had never entertained a very high opinion of the Botany Bay scheme; but that

the colonization of distant provinces generally included some commercial interest which, to a nation situated as England is, must always be of the first importance.

“ Within due bounds,” rejoins the doctor, “ I admit the importance of commerce: still I maintain that, to us and to every other country capable of improvement in agriculture, and of being rendered more adequate, by its natural produce, to the support of its inhabitants, commerce can claim but a secondary importance. I may have taken a partial view of the subject; but to me it seems evident, that, from our extraordinary exertions in this way, we have not received all those brilliant advantages which Englishmen generally suppose. Could we calculate the expences of forming, defending, and, at last, attempting to subdue our com-

mercial colonies in America, together with the expences of those formidable armaments and bloody wars which we have undertaken almost solely for the protection of our commerce and dependencies, and could we deduct the whole from the national wealth, as it now stands, we should be more competent judges of what we have really gained by the bargain. Without commerce, we might not indeed procure such fine wines after dinner, such elegant Indian shawls for the ladies, so many bank notes, and a number of fine things: neither should we have inherited a public debt of three hundred millions. Yet it is not commerce itself, a proper share of which is always beneficial, but our ambitious spirit of monopolizing the business of the whole world, and making that a pretence for usurping the sovereignty of extensive

countries, which has done the mischief. Enterprize, extended to a basis so enormous, brings continual war to our gates, by provoking the jealousy of our neighbours, by whose frequent depredations, its insidious aid is diverted from us, at the very time when we want it most: so little is universal commerce to be depended upon as a permanent source of national prosperity. And upon private families, it has effects equally pernicious; intoxicating the merchant and the mechanic with the draught of sudden affluence, it allures them to the labyrinth of luxury, or the dreadful precipice of speculation, where they are often capriciously deserted, unable to trace their way back to the decent abode of frugality.

Thus, our fluctuating possessions prepare the way for the bankruptcy both of the nation and of the indivi-

dual: while, on the other hand, an ambitious agriculture, the first true source of the prosperity of both, is subject to no such vicissitude, is unenvied by strangers, and is not liable to their interruption: while it enriches with moderation, it strengthens, domesticates, and unites the people; and, by supplying the real necessities and comforts of life, enables the nation to put forth with effect, the due exertions of commerce itself. Should our inhabitants be found too numerous, after the soil is improved to its utmost perfection, the English oak might then extend its branches to all the winds; the depth of the root would supply them with vigour, and the vast solidity of the trunk support them firm against every storm."

What truth there is in these propositions, you, my dear Wilson, may

possibly discover. The subjects are important. They demand an undivided attention, which, you know, is more than they can obtain at present from

Yours, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER VIII.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

NOTWITHSTANDING our friendly intercourse with Mr. Powell, I began to apprehend great difficulties in commencing an acquaintance with Eliza. My mind had formed several schemes for this purpose, and a thousand times have I been upon the point of bringing up the subject of the ladies to the old gentleman. I have frequently seen Eliza herself either going out or returning from an airing, without having an opportunity to be of the party. This afternoon, however, a lucky ac-

cident saved me the perplexity of devising the very best mode of introduction; a species of embarrassment, my dear friend, peculiar to a certain order of beings: Those gentlemen who have been under the dancing master's hands before the age of seven never know any thing about it.

Observing that she walked out with her father and cousin, I coaxed the doctor to take a stroll, and by mere accident, as it were, contrived to meet them. Mr. Powell presented us to his daughter. With a fluttering heart, I was making my awkward bow, while he thus continued, "these gentlemen are my new friends, Eliza, who rob you of so much of my company. Your best way, I believe, to prevent the like loss in future, would be to receive them as your acquaintance."

The charming girl, with a smile, an-

swered her father, "I shall esteem it a happiness to be acquainted with your friends. Will you invite the gentlemen to take a dish of tea with us this afternoon?"

Something like an electrical shock darted through my breast: Elisa then receives me as an acquaintance! How I looked I cannot tell; but Maria gave me a very sly leer, and then, glancing her eyes upon Miss Powell, began tripping up and down the walk, and flirting her handkerchief about that young lady's head. "Maria, what is the matter?" said Elisa. "Oh dear," replies the arch slut, "a most curious butterfly has escaped from me: he is now fluttering about you."

"I am glad of it, Maria: if I can afford the poor thing a sanctuary, you shall not enjoy the cruel pleasure to deprive it of its liberty."

Maria now, tittering at her own malicious conceit, called upon me to decide her right to the butterfly. Apprehensive lest her raillery would be carried too far, perhaps till Elisa herself might catch a glimpse of her insinuations, and be induced to act upon the reserve, I replied, that, if she persisted in teasing a harmless insect, I should vote, that every lady and gentleman of feeling would send her to Coventry for a full hour.

“Well then,” says Maria, “I must practice humanity and give up my plaything, it seems: but you will own it is very diverting to see these little painted things so very irritable, that one cannot so much as examine their spots, without frightening them to death.” She then began to chat apart with Miss Wilkins, and made some amends for the jest, by giving up to me Elisa’s

company, by whose side I walked, making some little incoherent observations, and giving as incoherent answers to her remarks, till we arrived at the hall.

We kept our engagement, and I drew in my chair between the ladies. Amid the small talk that generally attends the tea table, I could not refrain from casting frequent glances upon Eliza's lovely countenance, which still retained its pensive serenity, through a variety of the most interesting changes. It now brightened into a gentle smile, and soon again was shaded with the softest tint of melancholy: I now saw her drop into a silent, involuntary abstraction, and in the space of half a minute, recollecting herself, and, in the most graceful manner, performing the duties of hospitality. My attention was wholly engrossed. Studying,

with cordial sympathy, the secret workings of her mind, I caught the infection of seriousness, and being unable to recover my vivacity, sunk into a profound reverie: during which, I make no doubt but that I indulged myself in many ridiculous gestures.

You recollect the heroic resolution which I had formed for the regulation of my conduct. Like the faint images of a half-forgotten dream, some traces of it now glided over my mind: but I no sooner looked toward the idea, than it vanished from my memory. Miss Powell addressed to me some question of civility. I was sitting with my eyes fixed upon the carpet, and the cup just parting from my hand, so that I heard nothing, till Maria caught me by the elbow, and asked if I was gone a fishing.

This awoke me immediately to a sense and acknowledgment of my absurd behaviour, for which I endeavoured to atone by assuming an air of cheerfulness. Elisa, seeing my constrained and fruitless efforts, gave me a look full of compassion. I thought it meant to say, "I have learned to make allowance."

When the tea was removed, a walk by the river's side was proposed, and the ladies were getting up: Elisa wished to be left within, and the ladies sat down again. Miss Wilkins mentioned cards; but two of the gentlemen, Mr. Powell and the doctor, never played: so the motion was not seconded.

A kind of small conversation ensued, by way of amusement for the afternoon, during which a variety of subjects were brought forward; such things as pass

agreeably enough in company; but are not worth recording, even in a familiar epistle.

Mr. Powell and the doctor soon drew their chairs together, and seemed entirely engaged with their own topics. I heard the former say something about the history of Wales and the ancient condition of its manors; subjects in which he seemed to be well versed and greatly interested. The doctor sometimes coincided and sometimes disputed. I neither interrupted nor attended to the discussion.

The good sense of Elisa, her sweetness of disposition, her irresistible elegance, and even the inexplicability which veils her situation, served only to interest me more strongly in her favour. If thy friend is not in love, Wilson, he is positively mad. I felt my spleen arise against the civility of

the other ladies, and against the very essence of good-breeding, which would not suffer me to engross the whole of that dear creature's conversation and attention. But these were not the only subjects of my chagrin. My perplexities are too ridiculous to communicate to my friend ; but as they may serve to delineate some traits of my real picture, I am determined to indulge my candour at the risk of my discretion.

Miss Wilkins happened to mention to Mrs. Jones, that her father had promised to carry her to Bath next winter, and that she had formed so great an idea of the place, &c. &c. that she should think the time tedious till her curiosity was gratified.

The good lady answered, " It has never been my fortune to see that celebrated city ; but Mr. Stanley, who is just come from it, has given us a sur-

prising account of its new buildings and improvements.

I was called upon to answer the young lady's interrogatories, which I did, as to the buildings, in my best manner.

Maria now saw she had a favourable opportunity to exercise her peculiar talent, by forcing me either to express some very unfashionable sentiments, or to retract what I had formerly said in her presence, and thus lay myself open to her merciless critique. On the present occasion, I wished to avoid the dilemma; but my fair antagonist would give no quarter: so I determined, at all events, to hoist my true colours.

She thus began with me: I find, then, you went to Bath merely to admire the buildings; and I must say you describe them almost as well as Mr. Watkins has described the ruins of

Rome and Herculaneum : but, pray, fir, is any part of the city still inhabited?"

"Madam!"

"I beg your pardon, fir, you have not made enquiry. I had somehow taken it into my head, that well-bred people resorted to Bath principally to mix with polite society, and to partake of fashionable amusements."

"You are right, Maria: the company and amusements at Bath are admirably calculated for each other."

"A very general description, fir."

"I perceive your design, and must acknowledge the truth. Unable to enter much into the spirit of the place, I feel myself unqualified to discriminate nicely, or to give a very particular account of it."

"So that finding Bath too gay a place, you stole off into our poor coun-

try to indulge, in solitude, your unfo-
ciable disposition; but we will do our
best to disappoint you even here."

"Another reason, madam, induced
me to leave that city. I wished to
convince some young fellows, who be-
gan to presume upon their importance
with me, and to act the tutor, that I
had resolution to think for myself, and
to be the regulator of my own con-
duct."

"You were too proud to take a few
lessons: but I am told, sir, 'tis the
awkwardest thing in the world for
grown gentlemen to learn to dance."

"However that may be, I should
think it a very awkward thing to learn
to fill up my time entirely with amuse-
ments. Such a life suits my inclination
no better than it does my capacity.
The happy years I have spent with my
good uncle have taught me to expect

the most exalted pleasure in such company as affords sound principle, sober sense and experience. When a little business called me into Wales; I had sanguine hopes that the country would furnish some associates of this kind; and I must do it the justice to confess, that it has more than answered my expectations.

Exclusive of some individuals whom I could name, and shall for ever value, fortune has led me into the company of my old friend, doctor Pemberton. For his society alone, I would gladly exchange that of all my Bath acquaintance.

“ And can you forgive us who have taken up so much of your time, and kept you so long from the study of antiquities and the grave of Lywelyn ? ”

“ If you persist to be so provok-

ing, Maria, the pope himself cannot forgive you."

"The grave of Lywelyn!" exclaimed Miss Powell, with astonishment.

"Yes, madam, a few days ago this gentleman was going to the grave on full speed; but by walking him about, giving him an opportunity to teach us to angle, and chatting some nonsense or other, purely for his amusement, we have contrived so long to keep him above ground. His peevish answers seem to indicate that he resents our kind offices. But pray, sir, don't be impatient: you shall not be teased much longer. I thought to have made somewhat of you; but if you do not shew speedy signs of improvement, and learn to talk nonsense a little more prettily, I must give you up as an incurable oddity."

"Unfortunately, madam, that's the very thing that nature made me; and

what is to be done if I have not sufficient genius to transform myself to a fine gentleman?"

Thus ended this curious dialogue: you might suppose that, by this time, I was sufficiently mortified for the evening. But the mention of the grave of Lywelyn had roused the attention of the unfathomable doctor. He had already pointed his nose at me, and immediately replied to my last sentence, "Nature, sir, has left you to choose for yourself; if you ascribe to her your contempt for the trifles of the day, you rob your worthy uncle of his merit, and pay no great compliment to your own free agency. To the instinct of nature the formation of character has been imputed by the thoughtless and the vicious in all ages. The plea has been urged in favour of the most ruinous imprudence, and the most atrocious

crimes. If it once be admitted, there is an end to all moral responsibility. Whoever applies himself to examine the spring of human actions, will perceive that, in our younger days, accident, not nature, throws various, and frequently trifling or unworthy objects in our way. Inexperience is allured by their novelty : without examining, we pursue them for mere amusement, and not from natural necessity ; and unless reason and education interpose, our pursuit is confirmed into habit. Thus may we account for those singular propensities which every man indulges in his own conduct, while his friends point them out by the name of his hobby horse. And the man who has not mounted a sluggish or a vicious one, may ascribe the merit, not to the influence of nature, but to prudent choice, or happy contingency."

Anxious to get rid entirely of this whimsical subject, I replied, perhaps with more petulance than good manners, "I am not prepared, doctor, to dispute the point with you; but, at another time, shall be glad to be informed by what happy contingency you got yourself mounted so high upon the rosinante of antiquity."

The doctor's mouth, however, like an unwieldy machine, when once put in motion, is not to be stopped by a feeble check. He thus proceeded: "If you enquire, sir, after the pedigree of my hobby horse, with the company's good leave it shall be exhibited in a short story, which, at the same time, may serve to elucidate the principle I have just advanced."

The general silence and attention of the company being considered as a pro-

per signal, the doctor began his narrative.

“ Upon the death of my parents, my grandmother sent for me down into Brecknockshire. The old woman lived in a neat, but frugal manner, upon a small annuity, which, however, she judged sufficient to enable her, with strict economy, to take care of her grandson, and keep him at school. I was then about seven years old, and having conceived more lively ideas of finery than of the expence attending it, was very anxious to get some cloaths of a crimson colour, trimmed with glittering buttons, such as one of my playfellows wore. Instead of complying with my request, the good lady had an old coat of my grandfather's cut up to make me a new suit. The buttons were silver, engraved with the family crest; and had formerly been

the ornament of my grandfather's wedding coat : but they were not the very thing I wanted. Highly dissatisfied, and in hopes of getting them exchanged, I cut off two or three, and hid them in the wall of the garden. My grandmother took me seriously to task. To her enquiries respecting the buttons, I answered, like a naughty fibbing child, that they were got rotten, and had dropped off; but as the evil genius of my posteriors would have it, the marks of the knife were but too plain upon my coat. Upon this occasion, the old lady, though habitually fond of me, did not spare a well-merited chastisement. When she had pretty well worked off the ferment of her passion, she condescended to explain to me the value, the dignity, and the antiquity of the buttons ; assuring me that, by those very things I despised, every body

would discover that I was a gentleman, related to her husband, whose ancestors, for many generations, had made a conspicuous figure in the county. In short, she read so ingenious a lecture upon the buttons, that it gave me some notion of their importance, and of the consequence and dignity which the wearer derived from them. I enjoyed but a short-lived vanity. Whether my grandmother was afraid to trust me, or thought a little more punishment was due to the *scandalum magnatum* of which I had been guilty, is uncertain; but she deprived me of my dignified badge, and, to my great mortification, ordered a set of mohair buttons, of the colour of my coat.

Feeling myself degraded, I accused my own folly, and determined, in future, never to despise an old thing, till I was fully satisfied respecting its dig-

nity and original value. Thus you see, sir, my mind was not tinged by the whimsical infusion of nature, but by the lectures and birch of my grandmother, who finding it inconvenient to procure new things, devised means, not only to reconcile me to the buttons, but to inspire me with respect for every thing that had the appearance of antiquity. Whenever I cast my eyes upon an old piece of furniture in the house, it infallibly became a chronicle of my own dignity, and, some way or other, reminded me of the former consequence and high extraction of my family. An old helmet hung in the hall. It was the relic of a valiant ancestor who had borne arms in Glendour's army, when he beat the English in Moelienyth. I listened with attention, and this instance of duty and docility, not only gratified

my vanity but procured me many a piece of gingerbread and plumcake.

Being now grown a great boy, it was necessary I should always have some money in my pocket; but it was a long time before I learned to respect the antiquity of coin. At last, my grandmother trusted to my care an old crown piece, which had been struck in the very year when my great grandfather was high-sheriff for the county. The business was done. The admiration and respect which the size of the piece, and the curious legend which attended it, commanded among my school-fellows, proved sweeter than the choicest delicacies of the fruiterer and the pastrycook. From that time, every old shilling, of which I could read the date, began to be treasured up. It served to record some portion of the history of my family, which, with no

small pride, was retailed among my admiring schoolmates.

A knowledge of the black print was acquired, that I might carry to school a Lilly's grammar, which had been in the family for two centuries. By this time, I was become a considerable antiquarian, doated upon old things, and spent so much time in poring over a worm-eaten pedigree that I could read it with fluency. Here my grandmother herself acknowledged my superiority, and felicitated the ancient families of the Pembertons and Merediths, upon the lustre they would receive, when my genius should arrive at maturity. Being now forced to pursue this science without a tutor, I gradually extended my views from the antiquities of a family to those of a nation. Rummaging over my grandfather's few books, I discovered two or

three authors that suited my purpose; and carried into my own room, Camden and Sammes' Britannia, Powell's History of Wales, and an old manuscript treatise upon the Conquest of the Marches. My grandmother had taught me to read Welsh, and added to my stock the *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, then just published. Finding authors did not always agree, I formed the resolution to enquire for myself. Thus by the prudential maxims, and family vanity of an old woman, I was induced to engage in a study, which has afforded me some information, and an inexhausted fund of amusement."

Here ends the doctor's short story, during the recital of which, the ladies had paid proper attention, and sometimes marked their sentiments with a significant smile, which, on the dis-

ferent faces, denoted very different sensations.

Mr. Powell frequently laughed outright, and seemed to conceive the true idea both of the doctor and his grandmother. For my own part, if my countenance was at all expressive, it must have indicated some degree of ill-humour toward my two friends. The flippancy of the one, and the garrulity of the other, had diverted the conversation, out of that pleasant, meandering course in which it had begun to flow.

After supper (for we did not give up the ladies before) the doctor shewed some disposition to rally Maria upon her sarcastic puns, respecting the grave of Lywelyn. That sprightly girl, however, unwilling to engage an adversary so old, and wordy as my friend, parried him off with greater dexterity and success than I had done. "Dear

“fir,” she answered, with a cunning leer,
 “I meant no more by it, than to tease
 Mr. Stanley a little: he was inclined
 to be mopish, and wanted rousing:
 but if it was my misfortune to give you
 offence, I am ready to submit to any
 reasonable penalty which you and the
 company may impose.”

“That was so handsomely said,
 madam, that I can do no less than
 give you leave to name the forfeit your-
 self.”

“Well, then it shall be, fir, let
 me see—then it shall be a favourite
 new song. Will that do?”

“Miss Jones’ singing it, will cer-
 tainly make it a favourite of mine: but
 in general I am rather partial to old
 songs.”

Then mine is a very old one, fir;
 it is a late translation, by a clergyman
 in this neighbourhood, but the origi-

nal is in Welsh, by David ap Gwilym, a bard who flourished, I do not know how many hundred years ago."

"If the translation is worthy of the original, it will certainly exhibit some marks of true genius. Be so good, madam, as not to delay our pleasure."

Maria presently tuned up her little mellow pipe, and, with infinite grace and spirit, sung some of the best stanzas of the following

ADDRESS TO THE SUMMER.

THOU Summer, so lovely and gay,

Ah, whither, so soon, art thou gone !

The world will attend to my lay,

While thy absence I sadly bemoan :

With flow'rs hast thou cherish'd the glade,

The fair orchard with opening buds,

The hedgerows with darkening shade,

And, with verdure, the meadows and woods.

How calm, in the vale by the brook ;
 How blithe, o'er the lawn, didst thou rove,
 To prepare the fresh bow'r in the nook,
 For the damsel whose wishes were love !
 When, smiling with heaven's bright beam,
 Thou didst paint every hillock and field,
 And reflect, in the smooth limpid stream
 All the elegance nature could yield.

Perfuming the rose on the bush,
 And arching the eglantine spray,
 Thou wast seen by the blackbird and thrush,
 And they chanted the rapturous lay.
 By yon river that bends o'er the plain,
 With alders and willows o'erhung,
 Each warbler perceiv'd the glad strain,
 And join'd in the numerous song.

Here, the nightingale perch'd on the thorn,
 The poet and prince of the grove,
 Inviting the lingering morn,
 Taught the bard the soft descant of love:
 And there, from the brake by the rill,
 When Night's sober steps have retir'd,
 Ten thousand gay choristers thrill
 Sweet confusion, with rapture inspir'd.

Then the maiden, conducted by May,
 Persuasive adviser of love,
 With smiles, that would rival thy ray,
 Nimble trips to the bow'r in the grove :
 And sweetly I warble the song
 Which Beauty's soft glances inspire,
 And, while melody flows from my tongue,
 My soul is enrapt with desire.

But how sadly revers'd is the strain !
 How doleful, since thou art away !
 Every copse, every hillock and plain
 Has been mourning for many a day.
 My bow'r, on the verge of the glade,
 Where I sported in rapturous ease,
 Once the haunt of the delicate maid,
 She forsakes it, and—how can it please ?

Nor blame I the damsel who flies
 When Winter, with threatening gale,
 Loudly howls, through the dark frozen skies,
 And scatters the leaves o'er the vale :
 In vain, to the thicket I look
 For the birds that enchanted the fair,
 Or gaze on the wide-spreading oak—
 No shelter, no music is there.

But tempests, with hideous yell,
 Chase the mist o'er the brow of the hill;
 And grey torrents, in every dell,
 Deform the soft-murmuring rill;
 And the hail, or the sleet, or the snow,
 On Winter's harsh mandates attends:
 To banishment hence may they go!
 Earth's tyrants, and Destiny's friends!

But thou, glorious Summer, return
 And visit the destitute plains;
 Nor suffer thy poet to mourn
 Unheeded, in languishing strains!
 O come, on the wing of the breeze,
 And open the bloom of the thorn:
 Display thy green robe o'er the trees,
 And all nature with beauty adorn.

'Mid the bow'rs of the fresh-blooming May,
 Where the odours of violets float,
 Each bird, on his quivering spray,
 Will remember his sprightliest note:
 Then the golden-hair'd lass, with a song,
 Will deign to revisit the grove;
 Then, too, my old harp shall be strung
 To welcome the season of love.

The old doctor's muscles moved in perfect unison with Maria's performance, and, if I might judge by the rapture that sparkled in his eyes, he could scarcely refrain from levying another forfeit on the lovely songstress. It will be scarcely safe for so handsome a girl to indulge him with any more treats from David ap Gwilym. After all, I suspect that the waggish bard has couched in his composition some ideas, which Maria, with all her vivacity, has too much innocence to comprehend. Miss Wilkins sung a sprightly air; and even your humble servant was compelled to make an attempt. The company afforded no more of the tune-ful tribe, if we except Elisa, who, as Mrs. Jones informs me, has an admirable voice; but all her songs are, at present, associated with very painful recollections. What those very painful recollections are, I have yet to learn.

My curiosity, or whatever you please to call it, begins to become irresistible and insupportable. She said but little this evening: that little has fully convinced me, that she is a woman of uncommon sensibility and benevolence of soul. I observed a hundred things about her, which no man could have observed without emotion. Some very suspicious sighs escaped me, which drew the notice of the company and the raillery of Maria's looks; for she was so good as to remain silent for once. Of the nature and the cause of Miss Powell's unusual distress, I am still ignorant; but it pierces my soul. My sensations are not to be described. You would form some conception of them, had you heard how my voice faltered, had you seen how I trembled through every joint, when I arose to bid her good night. I am, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER IX.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilfon,

THE doctor had engaged me to attend him this morning, on a ride, to the habitation of Morgan ap Dewi. This Morgan is a Welsh bard, and celebrated harper in the neighbourhood, whom my friend hopes to engage as his Cicerone, to the grave of Lywelyn, and some other places, which he proposes to visit. Not finding the old gentleman ready at the hour appointed, I took up his microscope, a neat portable thing of Dolland's construction, and carried it into the garden.

I had placed it upon a table in the bower, and collected some flowers and vegetables, in order to discover the various inhabitants with which they were peopled. While I was busy in adjusting the glass, Maria and the two young ladies walked toward the bower. The first thing I perceived was a rebuke, to the following purport: “It will make him very cross, Miss Powell, but I will venture to disturb him. Mr. Stanley! What a selfish mortal! Here have we been twice parading before the bower while you gaze, in silence, at your curious machinery, without once inviting us to share in your amusement: we shall see, however, what method you will take to get rid of us, now we do you the honour to come unasked.”

This girl enjoys a strange pleasure in putting people out of conceit with

themselves. Having gone through the silly business of apology, I prevailed on the ladies to seat themselves round the table. That moment cancelled all remembrance of the petulancy of my little persecutrix. By giving me an opportunity of conversing freely with Elisa, she had conferred upon me an important obligation, perhaps not altogether unintentionally. My satisfaction was as complete as it was unexpected. That I might avoid the appearance of a pointed partiality, each of the ladies, in her turn, was shewn every curious microscopic object which I had collected; and, as far as my very superficial acquaintance with the subject would permit, the whole process was attended with a kind of philosophical lecture, pointing out the species, present state and various changes of such insects as I knew. Maria's curiosity was excited

rather than gratified. She made a ludicrous proposal, that the ladies should elect me their professor of natural philosophy; promising, for herself, to attend my lecture every day, while we continued together at the hall. To this she added, in her own sarcastic way, "You ought, sir, to thank me for hinting at a profession which would render you very agreeable. A little absence of thought, slow formality of expression, embarrassed compliment, shyness in genteel company, and partiality to the state of nature, would fit well on a philosopher; but, in any other situation, handsome young women, such as we are, must think them truly horrid."

I made shift to join in the general laugh, occasioned by this sage advice; assuring Maria, that, with such pupils, I should love the profession, though, I

feared, I had given them but an indifferent specimen of my qualification."

"Of that," says Elisa, "we are not competent judges. I can only say, that I feel myself much obliged and instructed by your kind remarks. The effect of a good microscope is entirely new to me."

"Where could you procure all these strange creatures?" said Miss Wilkins: "I never find any of them in the garden."

"Observe, madam, this rose-leaf. These diminutive grains, which, to the naked eye, are scarcely perceptible, and altogether inarticulate, are insects of the same species and size as that which you now see in the glass."

"And did you collect all that you have shewn us from rose-leaves?"

"No, madam. Almost every vegetable substance has its peculiar inhabi-

tants. Those daisies in the lawn, and even the blades of grass, swarm with living creatures; many of which, were it not for the help of the microscope, we should never have discovered, nor should we have supposed their existence.

“I cannot conceive,” replied the young lady, “for what purpose they should exist.”

“To us, madam, they appear, upon hasty observation, to be useless, or rather hurtful: but Providence must have designed them as links, in the regular chain of organized life. Not to speak metaphysically, they contribute to the support of larger creatures, which supply food for an order still larger, ’till, at last, they become of immediate and visible service to mankind. In the mean time, we may suppose that they participate some portion of

happiness in the enjoyment of life. You have seen that each of these little animals has limbs most curiously formed: yet, in every tribe, they are wonderfully varied, and perfectly adapted to administer to the wants and discharge the functions of their nature. They have organs of sense, and a power of perception, like ourselves; and it is not to be doubted that they have their affections and aversions, their pleasures and their pains."

"Had not I seen the real size of those grey insects," said Maria, "I should have imagined them the most terrible of creatures. I was really startled at the number and strength of their feet and the sharpness of their crooked claws."

"This kind of natural apparatus, madam, seems as necessary to the preservation of some kinds of insects, as the

mysterious principle of attraction is to ours. Were not their feet made to project every way, and their claws calculated at once to penetrate and to hold fast; creatures of their surprising lightness could never be kept steady, and fixed in their natural station. Every breath of air would toss them about, and for ever separate them from their peculiar food and their proper element."

"But after all," said Miss Wilkins, "I think it hardly probable that such little things can have much feeling."

"Some of the minute orders of animals are supposed to have very little perception; but there is reason to believe that others have a sense of pain equal to ourselves. The solar microscope, a machine of a far greater power than this, discovers to us the palpitation of the heart, and the globules of

blood circulating through the veins and arteries of several very small creatures; whence we infer, that they are also furnished with nerves and brain, and consequently have complete perceptivity, and very acute sensation. But you shall have an experiment. I will exhibit this insect, in the glass touched with a drop of liquid, which acts as a poison upon it; and this other, suspended on the point of a sharp needle. Their violent struggles and convulsions will soon convince you, that they have an exquisite feeling, and the utmost abhorrence of pain."

"Pray don't, sir," exclaims Elisa — Jane, Maria, could you look at it?"

"With pleasure, madam. I should be exceedingly delighted with philosophical experiments."

"And so should I," replies Elisa,

“if they were not attended with such instances of inhumanity. Poisoning! Impalement! No, I shall never be a philosopher!”

“Why, cousin Elisa, though they look so large and frightful, in the glass, they cannot hurt us.”

“I know it, Jane; but we can hurt them. Poor agonizing atoms! what can they have done to deserve such pain?”

“You speak, madam, the sentiment of benevolence and humanity; but exclusive of philosophical experiments, such instances of cruelty are absolutely unavoidable. Almost every step we take destroys multitudes of living creatures.”

“I shall henceforth be cautious how I tread,” says Elisa, with great emotion.

“I never imagined,” said Maria,

“ we could do so much injury without intending it.”

“ I protest,” exclaims Miss Wilkins, “ my cousin and you will absolutely frighten me. I suppose I must not step on the grass, or touch a rosebud, for fear I should happen to crush a blight or a garden spider !”

“ Be not alarmed, madam,” I replied : “ The being who formed both us and the insects, has, in numberless instances, permitted us to be the innocent cause of their death. The short period of their existence has been allotted to them, subject to such, and even more fatal casualties : for a hailstorm, or a frosty morning, is more destructive to their atom race, than the march of all the combined armies.”

“ I beg your’s and my cousin Jane’s pardon,” said Eliza. “ It may be acknowledged that there was something

extravagant in my expression, which was dictated by the impulse of the moment. But surely reason, as well as humanity restrains us from, wilfully and needlessly hurting any creature, however distant it may be placed below us, in the scale of existence. The little animal you were about to impale has a right to the possession of that life which is given it, and to the enjoyment of his contracted spot, as well as we have to ours. Excuse me, then, if I had rather take the philosopher's word, than see his experiments."

To the fair moralist I bowed in silence, and desisted from my sanguinary purpose. Nay, in spite of Maria and Miss Wilkins' raillery, I restored as many as I could of my little exiles to their natural habitations.

This sentiment of Eliza's gives me the picture of an excellent mind, sof-

tened by affliction below its due tone. In order to relieve the conversation which was now verging toward gravity, I excited the curiosity of the ladies, by taking the machine to pieces, and explaining the mechanism of its construction. It was a charming opportunity to rest my eyes upon Elisa's countenance, and even to touch her hand, by giving and receiving the different apparatus.

The impression which had been made at the first glance, was not of a nature to fade suddenly: now, I believe, it is rendered permanent. Her eyes, like the genial beams of the sun, cherish and quicken the seeds of affection in my bosom. Through the cloud of sorrow, they diffuse the rays of mild benevolence. Her whole manner, though enfeebled by melancholy, still retains a gentle animation.

“Hadst thou been my sister,” I breathed in a secret sigh, “I would sooth thy sorrow to peace: I would spare no endearing attention to give that fair gem its full lustre.”—“Hadst thou been my sister!” I had no sooner formed the idea than my heart rejected it. The thought could not satisfy that glowing tumult, that ineffable something which flutters in my breast.

When she left me, I replaced the machine, and have been this long hour repeating the scene in my fancy, and scribbling to my friend. I still see her, still feel the touch of her hand. Perhaps the fascinating idea has drawn from my pen many things which, to you, will seem ridiculous and trifling. Excuse me, Wilson; the time may come when you can neither be angry nor surprised at possessing only the second place in the heart of

HENRY STANLEY.

As the post does not go out till to-morrow morning, I cannot close this packet without giving you some account of our expedition, in search of Morgan ap Dewi.

Having quitted every thing that could be called a road, we beat about for an hour and a half, among naked crags, gloomy woods, and solitary glens, on the south bank of the Irvon; till, at last, a neat white cottage presented itself to our view, between two broken points of a rock. A deep and hanging forest nodded behind, and in front, the tumbling stream foamed and roared. Such is the dwelling of the Welsh bard. A decent woman or fifty, in a blue woollen gown and high beaver, the malvina of this Cambrian Ossian, appeared at the door, and informed us that the bard was gone to the wedding of a farmer, on the other

side of the wood. We soon made out the spot. The first object that caught our attention was a large booth of fresh branches, erected on a narrow plain, as level as a bowling green; within which we descried the remains of a true old British figure, seated on a bank of turf and tuning an enormous treble harp. As we approached the place, he turned upon us a penetrating eye, shaded by a rough dusky brow, while, from a kind of garland that surrounded his head, a slip of green silk was suspended, to conceal the empty socket of the other. His nose was bold and aquiline; his forehead ample, square, and seamed with scars; and on each side of his head the thick curling locks, tinged with the first blossoms of age, extended their volume to the breeze. His countenance altogether indicated a composition of manly

intrepidity, honest frankness, and arch drollery. His whole dress, including the left stocking, was of one colour, the sky-blue of the ancient bards; but his right leg, being formed of true heart of oak, disdained a covering.

While I stood gazing at him, in silence, the doctor declared his name and his errand. The astonished bard immediately sprung up, laid aside his harp, and, with an expression of respect and admiration, received the venerable antiquarian.

He was overjoyed at the thoughts of conducting so learned a sage in quest of curious topography; and, in the fulness of his heart, promised to lend him a choice collection of primeval bardism, transcribed by his own hand.

I could not help condoling with the son of harmony upon the iniquity of fortune, that a man of so much merit,

had been so roughly handled in his person; but this singular optimist, with a grim smile, assured me, that the dismemberment of his person had been the making of his fortune.

At my request he gave a short account of himself, to the following purport: Happening to come into the world a month too soon, to claim the full protection of the law, he had, in his youth, founded considerable expectations on the promises of a maiden aunt, who put him under the care of the curate of the parish, where he learned to read and write, as much Latin as suited his fancy, and to sing psalms. The curate's father-in-law, the sexton, finished his education with some lessons on the Welsh harp. With these splendid acquisitions, poor Morgan, now grown a man, was on a sudden deserted by his bountiful patroness.

And no wonder, Wilson; the unlucky rogue had been convicted of *magnum nefas* in the eyes of old maidens, namely, an undue partiality to the young ones. This virtuous relation survived the shocking crime, upward of two years; but such a crime was not to be forgiven. At her death she testified her resentment, by leaving the undivided inheritance to a distant cousin of the family, a little handsome prude, on whose penurious lot, poor Morgan, in the days of his prosperity, had cast a favorable eye, and promised her marriage. Now, the case was altered. The young lady, in a concise letter, sealed with black, informed him that she could no longer esteem a man whose immoral conduct had rendered him obnoxious to her dear benefactress. The young spirited Briton scarcely regretted the loss of the estate: he des-

pised the wealth that had been sullied in such dirty hands ; but the wounds of generous love were not easily closed. He saw the fair jilt smiling upon a man whose character was much more exceptionable than his own. With a grave step, and erect countenance, he passed them in silence. She was possessed of ninety pounds a year ; he was a poor man, but a man determined that his outward conduct, as well as his inward soul, should never be blotted by sordid interest. Confining his feelings within his own breast, he sullenly retired to his dear friend and counsellor in every perplexity—a gallon of Welsh ale, by whose advice he took leave of his fickle mistress, with a whimsical pasquinade, and, in the first year of the American war, set out for London to seek his fortune. He soon found it, in one of those traps

which are baited for raw countrymen. For three guineas, a royal bounty ! he disposed of the boasted privileges of an Englishman. Tricked off in the livery of his sovereign master, he was conducted over the Atlantic, and, at Bunker's hill, received the reward of his valour. This consisted in the contents of a canister, which, exclusive of half a dozen hits of less consequence, eased him of an eye and a foot, and, without taking away the power of playing a tolerable strum on his favourite instrument, new modelled his hand into the shape of an Ourang Outang's paw.

After various difficulties and unsuccessful applications for a pension, he returned to his native spot ; where his drollery, good humour, and abilities as a minstrel, so far ingratiated him with the lasses of the neighbourhood, that no merry-making can be celebra-

ted in style, without his assistance. A single instance will prove in what estimation he is held. A few years ago, his memory happened to fail him, respecting a long score behind the window shutter of an alehouse, which he frequented. The harp was locked up, and the bard himself escorted to Brecknock gaol, where he might have remained in peace, had not the rural nymphs, one and all, frankly told their swains, that they would neither dance on the green, nor attend the wakes, unless their favourite harper was liberated. The debt was consequently discharged, by a general subscription; and the son of Apollo enabled to reclaim his vocal shell.

“From that time,” says this manly Briton, “though the relic of a soldier, I wholly discarded the military garb, and vested myself with the unicoloured

emblem of harmony and peace. I do not regret the change. As much of me as fell at the head of our lines was, indeed, allowed to have fallen gallantly; but I must confess that the fragments I still carry about are much in love with peace. Nature suits the temper to the constitution; and you see I am not calculated, at present, for resisting or retreating. Another circumstance contributed to determine me in changing my profession. Owing to some informality in my application, and a mistake in my surname, it was thought proper my courage should be entitled to no other reward than the pound of American hobnails and bullets, which had been already discharged. I was, consequently, induced to become a pensioner on the good-humour and generosity of my simple countrymen. I had hitherto fancied that the great

yanky gun had played me a confounded ill turn ; but I very soon changed my opinion. Its operation proved, as I hinted before, the making of my reputation and my fortune. When a young fellow, I had tried, at our annual wakes, some strains that were pleasing to myself, and were civilly endured by my audience ; but till my countrymen saw this hand (extending his poor distorted member) producing music on the harp, they never knew I could work miracles."

I am happy to tell you, Wilson, that the present are the golden days of this singular character. His fickle mistress is dead, and, with strong expressions of contrition for her past behaviour, has left him about twenty pounds a year, all that she had saved from the extravagance of a worthless husband. This, together with the

generosity of his patrons, supplies all his wishes.

Understanding that the company was soon expected from church, we thought it time to withdraw, and ordered my servant to bring up the horses. While we were taking leave of the bard whom we invited to the hall, a comely, creditable-looking woman approached us, expressing her hopes, that the friends of Mr. Morgan ap Dewi would condescend to partake of her dinner. Dr. Pemberton offered some excuse, but the old lady urged her request, alleging that she should consider it a very ill omen, if any one left the place on that day, without enjoying the rights of hospitality. It would have been cruel to let the young folks begin the world under such an impression. This knotty point was no sooner decided, much to my satis-

faction, than the whole side of the hill began to brighten with a promiscuous cavalcade of both sexes and all ages, in their best attire, and, as we soon perceived, with their very happiest faces.

As soon as the company had disposed of their horses, the exulting bridegroom led up his blooming spouse to the venerable bard, who received her with a voluntary upon his Welsh harp, and an *original* epithalamium. As it is a curiosity, and shews Mr. Morgan's dexterity in adapting his strains to the taste of his audience, I will give you a copy. *N. B.* You must not ask your sister to read it out, till she has first of all conned it over.

I.

Hark, I strike the nuptial lay !
 Youthful Britons, dance away
 O'er the dased green, in trim so gay,
 On jolly Owen's wedding day :

While—Rhump, rhump, rhump,
 Old Morgan does thump
 His Cambrian harp, as he sits on the tump,
 With foot that is stump,
 And fist that is clump—
 Rhump, rhump, rhump.

II.

Jenkin, fill the bumper high,
 Push the tankard, make it fly :
 Let our loud voices rend the sky
 With festive mirth and jollity,
 While, all around,
 With fresh garlands crown'd,
 The youth beat the time to th' harmonious sound :
 Let sorrow be drown'd,
 And pleasure resound,
 All around.

III.

Like this bower, bright and green,
 So let Owen's joys be seen :
 Never may care, or anguish keen,
 Or biting passion come between;
 But, blithe and gay,
 As the sweet summer day,
 As the warblers that sport in the branches of May,

Each night, every day,
 May he sing and play,
 Blithe and gay !

IV.

And thou, fair nymph, dear Owen's prize,
 To revenge those roguish eyes,
 Soon shall he spoil thy taper size,
 And often shall thy apron rise:
 And " Lullaby."

Next spring thou shalt cry,
 While smiling, at ease, little Owen does lie ;
 And, long ere thou die,
 Shall thy daughters reply—
 " Lullaby."

As soon as Mr. Morgan ap Dewi had, with the utmost gravity of countenance, performed this ode, amid the antic gigs and vociferation of part of his audience, and the peals of laughter of such as could not employ themselves otherwise ; about forty of us assembled to dinner, round a long table in the farmer's barn. The repast, though

plain, was plentiful and substantial; and as the genius of hospitality presided, he rendered every morsel more savory than the choice delicacies of a lord mayor's feast. The nappy Welsh ale, a generous beverage, unlocked every heart, and animated every tongue. All was gleeful discord and harmonious confusion. About four, when the younger part of the company began to assemble, to dance on the green, the doctor and I took our leave. As we jogged homeward, with our bridal favours, we could not help envying the lot of those happy mortals, who are blest with competence, in the shades of innocent simplicity.

At our return to the hall, we found that the whole party had walked to the Wells after dinner. I had not sat down ten minutes, before I perceived them in the field, and immediately sal-

lied forth to give them the meeting. My lovely Elisa has exchanged the pale languor of her complexion for the most delicate bloom. By heaven, a more charming woman never breathed! But why have I called her mine! Some alarming hints I received from Mrs. Jones this afternoon, give me reason to apprehend I shall never appropriate so much happiness. There is some unknown obstacle, some unfortunate attachment.—“An unfortunate attachment formed by Elisa!” It cannot be. Yet from your manner, and her father’s dejection, it appears to be something. My mind was racked with anxiety to know the particulars; but I could not resolve to let Mrs. Jones perceive my curiosity. My fate is so nicely suspended in the balance, that I scarcely dare to encourage that hope which I find it impossible to relin-

quish. One thing I am happy to observe, Elisa's health is certainly better. Her melancholy gradually wears off: 'tis but gradually. The dreadful idea of her falling into a decline no longer haunts my fancy. Still there is something that appears strange. This evening, when it began to grow dark, she sat pensively musing for a few minutes, left the room in silence, and walked alone into the garden, where she staid above an hour. Impatient to know what was become of her, I observed, with as much indifference as I could command, that we had lost Miss Powell. Her father looked at Miss Wilkins, who said, "My cousin certainly walks too long: shall I venture to interrupt her?" The old man answered, with a mournful shake of the head, "Poor girl! I was in hopes this evening's stroll would

have put it out of her head. Were it not for this, she might yet recover her health and spirits."

"Miss Powell is not alone?" I exclaimed. "'Tis her constant practice," replied her father, "to ramble out in the twilight; and she is much displeased if her cousin, or even her maid, offers to bear her company. Unfortunately, she takes every opportunity to indulge her melancholy. She will not strive to conquer it."

"My dear sir," I resumed, "we cannot be persuaded by downright reason, out of the indulgence of affliction: at the same time, I might possibly suggest a simple project, that would prove more successful than your strongest arguments."

"You would greatly oblige us, sir."

"Suppose, then, one or two of the

ladies would contrive occasionally to get out before Miss Powell, into her favourite evening walk. This would compel the young lady, either to take a social ramble, or else to return to the house. It would disturb her gloomy reflections, and break through a habit which derives its strength from uninterrupted indulgence."

"I fear, sir," replied Mr. Powell, "that the melancholy which is too strong for reason, would prove too cunning for your stratagem: however, I should be obliged to the ladies if they will give it a fair trial."

The moment I had explained myself, a thought occurred, that I should have concealed and executed my own plan. I am glad the necessary explanation put it out of my power. In the present state of affairs, it would be too bold an undertaking.

How enviable is the situation of honest farmer Owen !

“ Like this bower, bright and green,
So shall Owen’s joys be seen ! ”

Oh, Wilfon ! when will the old
bard tune his whimsical harp, for thy
more whimsical friend,

HENRY STANLEY ?

P. S. I forgot to tell you that, during their trip across the river, the ladies agreed to an excursion up the stream, provided it is fine in the morning. The doctor and I are to be of the party. Wilfon, I shall adore the rising sun !

LETTER X.

To the SAME.

I KNOW not how it happens, Wilson, that the realizing of my hopes continually serves, some way or other, to aggravate my fears, and increase my embarrassment. This day has been prodigal of happiness; and this evening I reflect how fortunate it might have been for me had I never seen it. I will not amuse you with paradoxes. The morning was calm and lovely. The sunbeams diffused a mild lustre over the fields and the river, for their parching heat was broken by a multitude of small clouds, lighter and

softer than the down that floats on the breeze. Pursuant to yesterday's engagement, we embarked in a little commodious boat, and pushed off to the middle of the stream. Around our bark, the many-coloured pebbles, in the bottom of the water, appeared distinct and clear as through a medium of polished crystal; and, at a distance, the silver rays danced in the circles formed by the sportive fish. All was solemn and still, excepting that now and then we perceived a gentle breeze, the balmy breath of the river. It just dimpled the smooth surface, or wafted the broken echo of the rills that tumbled from the steep and winding banks.

Surrounded by hanging rocks, imitative of every figure that wizzard fancy could devise, and by shrubby trees that shot out their various foliage in

every direction ; we seemed, at every bend before us, to hear the dashing of oars and the murmur of familiar discourse. Yet we saw nothing. At last, Maria exclaimed, “ What a charming echo ! ” The coy nymph lurked unseen in every nook, to call over our names and repeat our little dialogues ; but continually retreated at our approach. Our conversation, for a while, was interrupted by a tacit consent to admire the beauty of the scene. Happening to sit just opposite to Eliza, I saw her soul expanding with serene ecstasy. She observed my sympathizing looks ; and said, with a heavenly smile, “ Mr. Stanley, what an effect soft music would have upon this water ! ”

“ You are to understand that,” says Maria, “ as a delicate reproof for not

having provided some music. Pray, fir, how came you to neglect it?"

"Because I am, what you have frequently called me, an unthinking mortal. But if the ladies will condescend, another day, to repeat this charming amusement, I will endeavour to atone for my crime, and the merit shall be yours."

"That is something to the purpose, fir; but, even now, you must make some amends for your omission, by giving us a few tunes on the flute."

I put my hand into my pocket: "Even that, madam, was too much for Stanley's recollection. I left it at the hall."

"Kind gentleman!" replies Maria, "I could have answered for your complaisance."

Watkins, who had been all the while grinning at our discourse with

prodigious meaning in his countenance, now began to fumble in his pocket, saying, "There is nothing like a good advocate, at last. Thinking the flute might possibly be called for, I took the liberty of securing it."

The flute was produced, and the company amused by a few duets between echo and your oblivious friend. They went off pretty well; for, owing to the closeness and unevenness of the banks, and the stillness of the air, the instrument filled better than I could have imagined.

I had afterward the honour to accompany Maria in one of her favourite songs, and the pleasure to see every soul in perfect glee and good humour. Even Elisa had so entirely forgotten her melancholy, as to be prevailed upon to sing a little air. I shall some time or other send you the words, and

the music. The tones were heavenly, and I durst not profane them with my scrannel pipe.

While we were all charmed into silent attention, and the boat was now gliding imperceptibly down the gentle stream, it suddenly struck upon the snag of a tree, that had been stranded in the bottom. The shock was by no means violent; but, as we were off our guard, and expected no such thing, Mr. Powell lost his balance, and fell into the water.

The lovely songstress sprang up in an agony of terror, and, had I not prevented her, by immediately jumping overboard and lifting the old man upon his feet, she would have thrown herself out of the boat to rescue her father. We both endeavoured to calm her apprehensions, by assuring her that there was no danger. In fact, there was

none. The water was not more than three feet deep, the bank gravelly and sloping, and the distance from land about twenty yards.

Mr. Powell stretched out his hand to Elisa, saying, "Be not alarmed, my daughter, I have had a moderate ducking, but surely that is paying no extravagant price for this morning's amusement." While the boat was rowing up, and the company disembarked, the old gentleman and I waded to land.

Had the party been disposed to laugh, they were now furnished with two objects sufficiently droll to irritate their muscles. Our hair, plaistered with wet powder, hung in masses upon our cheeks, and the water spouting out of our pockets, &c. marked our paths with copious streams, as we crawled along the gravel. But they

all agreed to put on countenances more solemn than the occasion seemed to require.

Elisa was no sooner out of the boat, than she flew to us, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes lifted upward, expressive of something between hysterics and rapture. In the very language of the heart, she exclaimed, “ My dear father ! heaven has been very kind to me ! You have received no hurt ? ”

“ None at all, my love,” replies the father, “ if you do not frighten yourself into a fit of illness.” — “ My God ! I thank thee ! ” were the words of her fervent piety. She was bending forward to clasp the old man and his wet clothes to her breast. — Doctor Pember-ton caught her arm. It was with difficulty we restrained the ardour of her filial affection, by representing the in-

convenience that would attend her getting wet. Mr. Powell gave his hand to receive the tokens of her love. She kissed it with tears of ecstasy: then seizing mine, with the utmost ardour of gratitude, blessed me for having preserved her father's life and her own. Such a look, Wilson, such a squeeze! From this moment it is all over with me. My heart has surrendered without condition. I am henceforth the slave of resistless destiny and of Elisa. I stake my all upon the acquisition of this inestimable prize. If I am foiled, I have no retreat; but, in that case, happiness will be impossible, and life itself beneath my regard. I cannot rest till the die is cast.

From these important reflections I was roused by doctor Pemberton's taking Elisa by the hand, and saying, with his constitutional good-humour,

“ Permit me, dear young lady, to conduct you to the hall. The gentlemen will make what speed they can to get rid of their wet clothes. We will talk of the accident when they have each had a glass of brandy, and have joined us in more comfortable garbs.” For my own part, I had no occasion for a dram; but, with respect to Mr. Powell, the advice was wholesome, and we proceeded, without loss of time, to put it in practice. Your friend and his fellow-adventurer led the van: doctor Pemberton strode by the side of Eliza: Watkins and the other ladies brought up the rear.

Such was the whimsical conclusion of our delicious cruise.

For these two long days, My dear Wilson, I have not seen her. Mr.

Powell, alarmed by some gouty symptoms, nurses himself in his chamber, and she has scarcely left him. Maria tells me she is well. Oh, that I had it from her own lips ; that I could see it in her countenance ! But I perceive her father in the garden. He is walking alone. I can stay no longer.

Wilson, she has no previous engagement. Thou wouldst congratulate me upon my good fortune ; but, alas, my friend ! the Alp I have now surmounted serves only to discover others of more tremendous aspect, more doubtful danger, that frown over my head. You shall hear. As soon as I perceived Mr. Powell, I laid aside my paper. I had business with him of greater importance than mere questions of civility. A declaration in proper

form had been conned over. As I approached, my heart throbbed, and my ideas became confused. I determined not to open my mind at this time, but to trust my thoughts to paper. Unexpectedly, however, I blundered upon the subject. I will copy our whole conversation, as nearly as I can recollect it.

“ My friend, I am happy to see you look so well this morning; and hope you have entirely got rid of your complaint.”

“ I thank you, Mr. Stanley,” shaking me heartily by the hand, “ the gout seems to be completely foiled for this time; but it was owing to your generous and timely assistance. I shall always esteem you a brave man, Mr. Stanley.”

“ You must be sensible that I put myself in the way of no real danger,

and, therefore, could give no great proof of bravery."

"No affectation of self-denial, young man, if you please. Who stopt a moment to calculate the danger? I shall for ever retain a grateful sense of your conduct; and your own heart must applaud you for so generous and disinterested an action."

"Mr. Powell, though not conscious of the weakness of affected modesty, I cannot feel myself perfectly easy, under the imputation of a merit that is not due to me. My heart tells me, that I can never perform an act of disinterested humanity, for the father of Elifa."

"My daughter, sir!"

"Your most lovely daughter. A moment's deliberation would have brought me to your assistance; but I felt her alarm, and could not lose that

moment without relieving it. I hope she has not suffered much in consequence of her fright."

"The poor girl has been the greatest sufferer by the accident; but, I thank God, she is pretty well this morning."

"I am rejoiced to hear of her recovery, and only concerned that I had not been sufficiently attentive to prevent the accident and her terror altogether."

"I thank you, Mr. Stanley; you speak as a cordial friend."

"A friend!"

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Powell," I replied, with confusion, "the word *friend* sounded to my ear remarkably flat. Indeed, sir, it will not fully explain my sentiments."

"My dear sir, I fear you have ex-

plained them to my comprehension. If so, I am sorry for it, and advise you not to cherish any sentiment for my daughter beyond what friendship will authorize."

"It is then as I dreaded," I replied: "Elisa is already engaged. Farewell, sir. I must immediately quit this neighbourhood. I will not act ungenerously, in endeavouring to gain her affections, and to frustrate the just hopes of a happier man. But as for cherishing the most tender, the most sublime sentiment for Elisa, it is the life that warms my heart: I can never part with it."

"Must you go, Stanley?" says Mr. Powell, greatly agitated: "I shall be very sorry to lose your society; but your happiness demands the sacrifice. Farewell, then, my friend! Be not dejected. Your acquaintance with my

daughter has been of short continuance. Exert your fortitude, and avoid the anxieties of an unsuccessful passion. One mistake, however, I must rectify: Elisa has no engagement."

There are, my dear Wilson, some situations of the human frame, for which language has no adequate term. Before Mr. Powell pronounced the last word, I had felt an unusual weight, and a cold palpitating pain in my breast, yet I had my perfect recollection; but as soon as he said "Elisa has no engagement," the vital current gave a sudden spring toward the extremities, and in an instant flowed back upon the heart with redoubled force. A confused noise rung in my ears; I panted, and tottered to a seat which happened to be near me. Being extremely ill, I struggled to prevent, what I supposed a fainting fit; till a

copious stream of blood gushed out at my nostrils, and in a few seconds relieved me. Mr. Powell was evidently alarmed; but we both continued silent for some time. An interval of calmness enabled me to reflect upon this important intelligence. In some measure, it revived my hopes, though it greatly increased my perplexity. I now began to revolve in my mind some ideas that, till this moment, had not occurred to me.—“Have I then been mistaken in this gentleman’s character! Is it pride of blood, or the expectation of superior wealth that governs his conduct? Whatever it be, I must try to remove his scruples. I will stoop to any thing but absolute meanness. If, at last, I cannot succeed with him, Eliza’s affections are not engaged. Unrestrained by any scruple of honour, I will appeal to her decision.” While I

was very deep in these meditations, Mr. Powell got up, and proposed that we should go on, as I seemed much indisposed.

“Indulge me, sir, a few moments,” I replied. “As Miss Powell is not engaged, I flatter myself you will not persist in rejecting my suit unconditionally. I am not, perhaps, sufficiently known to you, to entertain a reasonable hope of your immediate approbation; but if you will condescend to enquire into my connexions, you will find them respectable, though not splendid. My present estate, and my prospects in point of fortune, are open to investigation. By the generosity of an uncle, I now possess”——

“Hold,” says Mr. Powell, seizing me by the arm, “my dear sir, say nothing more of these matters. What I have already seen of you, and learned

from doctor Pemberton's conversation, would be amply satisfactory to me. In adjusting these affairs, no great difficulty would present itself on either side ; for, let me tell you, Elisa is not your inferior either in point of family or fortune, and that is speaking of her situation with sufficient respect. Each of you, my friend, has abundant wealth to command the reasonable conveniences and elegancies of life ; but wealth will not always purchase its real comforts."

"Then, whatever your objection may be, I hope it will not prove an insuperable one."

"To Mr. Stanley I can have no objection at all : he is the very man whose affinity I should be proud of."

"You think thus favourably of me, and you tell me that Elisa is not engaged !"

"To my certain knowledge, she is not."

"Then, sir, my life is devoted to her; and by every endearing attention that a feeling heart can inspire, I hope to prove myself, in time, worthy of her affection."

"My dear Stanley, the kindness of your sentiments to me and my daughter, I acknowledge with gratitude: yet with regret I warn you, that, if you proceed, insurmountable difficulties and unthought of distresses will arise in your way. Give me leave, then, most seriously to repeat my advice, that you will think no more of this affair."

"Mr. Powell, your discourse perplexes me exceedingly: Does the lovely girl view me with any peculiar aversion?"

"Eliza is not capricious: I am sa-

tisfied you have her esteem, her grateful regard."

"From all you have told me, sir, it appears there can be no reasonable obstacle to our happiness."

"Your present declaration, Mr. Stanley, demands from me an acknowledgement, that family distresses, too painful for me to relate, almost preclude the possibility of it. My poor girl has had a double portion of affliction. Her heart has been too susceptible to support it with firmness. She has hitherto endured life; but, I fear, will never be able to enjoy it."

"Be her afflictions what they will, it is my determination to share, and, if I can, to alleviate them. If they prove more than we can both support, I will rather sink under their weight with Eliza, than resign the transporting enthusiasm, the ecstasy of life,

which I feel in her company, and in the hopes of her affection."

"Mr. Stanley, I have done. If such be your fixed resolution, may it conduct you to happiness! Were it possible, I would promote your suit with my whole influence; but, as things are, I can only promise to regard it with a favourable eye, and to supplicate heaven for a blessing upon you, and my dear, my only child."

Such was my conversation with Mr. Powell.

Now, my friend, you find me fairly embarked. Through the gloom that envelops my destiny, I discern huge waves before me, and a sea of trouble; but I will not look back. If I cannot steer my way to the harbour for which I am bound, you may seek for me in the bottom.

These severe family afflictions, what

can they be? I have deliberately reviewed every dismal circumstance that imagination can paint ; but I can fancy nothing that will damp my resolution. Has Elisa been seduced? It is not impossible. There are certainly artful villains in the world, and human nature, even in its fairest form, may not be absolute perfection. Whatever has happened to her, my life upon it, her heart is immaculate. She has sufficient virtue left to ennoble the whole sex. I have supposed the worst, and I find my heart does not recoil at the idea. How happy should I deem myself, could she forget her afflictions as easily as I could hide an indiscretion which, if real, may have proceeded from that which is most amiable in woman, a generous unsuspecting simplicity of soul !

Wilson, erase from thy memory the sacrilegious suspicions in the last paragraph. Her sorrow partakes not of the confusion which such a stain would impress upon her delicate mind. The injurious thought will surely be avenged by some signal calamity to

Thy perplexed friend,

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XI.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

I MUST once more impart to my friend some distressing circumstances, which, if wholly confined to my own breast, would force me to distraction. This evening's interview with Eliza, our conversation—I must pursue the same method as I did in relating what past between her father and me.

Upon my return from a ride to Mr. Thomas' farm, I saw the lovely girl sitting with Miss Wilkins in the arbour. Not having seen her for three whole days, I was irresistibly drawn

to the spot. Seating myself by her side, and testifying my concern at the account I had received of her indisposition, I may perhaps have directed my eyes to her countenance, with an expression of enquiry, more strongly marked than is usual with me. The dear creature hastened to relieve my anxiety. "You perceive, Mr. Stanley, my complaint has not been very serious. The knowledge I had of my father's precarious state of health, and the unfavourable symptoms that were brought on by his wetting, gave me alarming apprehensions. These, together with want of rest, affected my spirits a good deal. With a little more leisure I might have fancied myself ill."

"Were I your physician, madam, I should hint that the delicacy of your

own health will not permit you to lose your rest upon any occasion."

"And I should tell my physician, sir, that it was not in my power to compose myself, while I thought so good a parent in imminent danger. I might also inform a gentleman of the faculty, that I have balanced the account with my constitution, by a comfortable nap this morning, and, what is still more conducive to my health, I find my dear father in better spirits to day than I have seen him enjoy for a long time.

"Charming Elisa, how amiable is filial affection!"

She replied with a smile, "Where it is so much a duty, sir, it would be very unamiable to want it."

"You are right, madam; and yet there is a wide distinction to be made between those offices which are enforced by a sense of duty, and the soothing

ing attentions which spring voluntarily from native virtue, and genuine benevolence of heart."

I must tell you, Wilson, that we had now a little tête-à-tête. Miss Wilkins hardly interrupted our conversation. Indulging the impulse of health and youthful levity, she tripped about to different parts of the garden, bringing us, now and then, a moth or a curious flower, and immediately skipping off like a sportive fawn. You will not wonder, then, that I gave up to my own heart the conduct of the present moment, restraining its emotions only by the delicacy of Eliza's sensibility.

She replied to my observation upon friendly offices, "I never should have been casuist enough to remark the distinction."

Penetrated with admiration, and al-

most unconsciously, I exclaimed, "In a daughter, in a friend, in a wife, how lovely that simplicity!"

"I do not comprehend you, sir:" said Elisa.

"Pardon me, madam, for speaking so incoherently. My thoughts had wandered a great way. I could not help reflecting that a daughter who can act like Miss Powell, and from the same principle, must secure happiness to those who shall be honoured with her connexion, in every relation of life."

"Those who are better acquainted with me," says Elisa, "may have reason to think otherwise."

"Indeed, madam, I cannot admit the possibility of it. My heart tells me, that should heaven bless my life with such an associate, nothing could be wanting to complete my happiness."

“Does Mr. Stanley make it a rule to believe his heart?”

“My dear madam, I never suffered its sentiments to be debased by avarice or ambition. I have always treated it with respect, and in return, it has never deceived me.”

“You seem to have been uncommonly fortunate, sir; but I cannot conceive where my cousin Jane is gone: shall we go and see for her?”

I gently caught her hand, saying, “Elisa will indulge me no longer with her conversation, lest I should deem myself too fortunate.”

She replaced herself upon the seat, and replied, with great good humour, yet with a look that seemed to penetrate my inmost thoughts, “Yes, sir, I will sit a moment, to give you a piece of advice. You are hitherto a stranger to affliction: if it finds you out, you

must combat it as well as you can; but take care that you never put yourself in its way. Associate with the happy; and may you continue to be happy! A time has been, Mr. Stanley, when I had confidence in my own heart as well as you; when I had cheerful hopes of increasing, and permanent felicity. Woful experience has taught me the fallacy of both; such experience as will embitter the remainder of my days, and be distressing to every one interested in my welfare. Be a wise man, Mr. Stanley: make the proper use of my advice, and of my frank confession."

"Elisa," said I, pressing her hand, "stay a moment longer. Tell me how I can be happy, while I perceive your extreme sensibility magnifying and indulging those afflictions, to which we are all liable! could you

transfer them to this breast, with what satisfaction should I support their smart, to relieve the bosom of the loveliest of women"—“Forbear, sir. You wish a narrative of my calamities. It is impossible for me to gratify your wish. May such distresses never attend my worst enemies, much less Mr. Stanley, or any of his connexions!”

“You may think meanly of Henry Stanley’s fortitude; but I assure you, madam, could he rob Eliza of the sense of her calamities, he would cheerfully embrace the load of melancholy, and oppose his heart to the keenest shaft of sorrow.”

She replied with a tender smile, “A fine speech from a man that never felt the weight of the one, nor the sharpness of the other!”

“Nor ever should I feel them,

while blest with an affectionate smile from the eyes of Elisa."

"I perceive, sir, you have not even an idea of my unhappiness, when you imagine I can be pleased with such compliments."

"Could I expose my heart, or express its feelings, with the ardour they are conceived, Elisa would be convinced I am incapable of compliment."

"Mr. Stanley, it is time for me to retire. Good night."

"Will you leave me? Nay then, you must hear one thing before you go. and then you have the absolute disposal of my destiny. Till blest with the sight of Elisa, I was a stranger to the sentiment I now utter. Even if you banish me from your company, I will share through life in your happiness and your sorrows; for you are, and

ever will be as dear to me as my own soul."

"Alas, sir, I have heard too much. Be assured, Mr. Stanley, by one who is above affectation, that I feel myself interested in your happiness—so much, as to be really grieved at your inconsiderate declaration. We must meet no more. The sooner you forget me, the better for your own tranquillity. As a friend, then, I intreat you not to attempt to see me, and, if you can, not to think of me."

"Not think of you, Eliza! I shall for ever think of you, and think as I do this moment. But I perceive you are distressed. I will go. I will silently wait my fate. Whatever my own sufferings may be, if you persist in commanding me not to see you, I must obey. I will endeavour to do so. The happiness of my life shall never

be purchased at the price of Elisa's peace."

"Stanley, you act generously. In my turn, I will be candid. It is impossible not to esteem you; but such is the situation of my mind, such the accumulated distresses that have torn my heart, that on this side the grave I can never expect to enjoy, or to communicate happiness. Providence permits me still to linger in life, that I may, in some measure, secure the comforts, and attend to the wishes of my dear father."

The conclusion of her sentence inspired me with a distant and fallacious hope, that the charming girl might one day be influenced by the approbation of her father. I ventured to reply, "Will the benevolent Elisa forbear to make my sentence of banishment absolute! Will she make no vow to my prejudice, till time shall have

softened her present anguish; and, if I prove myself worthy of her affection, will she still attend to the wishes of her father?"

"I cannot use you so ill, Mr. Stanley as to flatter you with such hope, as might confirm your attachment, only to aggravate your disappointment. Think not of applying to my father: from him you must expect no encouragement."

"Pardon me, dearest Eliza. Mr. Powell professes some regard for me. I have reason to believe he would not oppose my happiness."

"You know his sentiments, sir?"

"I could not conceal my own; and he had the generosity not to disapprove of them."

"This is more than I can support," says the dear creature, extremely affected. "My father too! He that knows

me so well ! Could he think I should ever forget the calamities I was born to occasion ?” Could he authorize your declaration to me ?”

“ Too lovely Elifa !” I replied, “ no power on earth shall authorize me to distress thee. Farewell : I am no more to be seen till thy heart bids me to return.” In saying this, I got up, pressing my lips to her hand which I had still held. I would have restrained my tears, till I had turned away from her ; but, in spite of my efforts, they gushed out. The poor girl answered not a word. In great perplexity, she paused for a few moments. I saw the tears swell in her lovely eyes. Instantly it was lost. She gave me a look, Wilton, I shall never forget it. Her hand gradually moved toward her bosom, and drew mine along with it. She gasped for breath. At once, her

eyes began to fix in a convulsed and undistinguishing glare. How great was my astonishment and distress, when her lips turned pale, and she sunk back on the seat in apparent death! Not being able to disengage my hand, I kneeled by her side, in order to support her more easily, at the same time calling to Miss Wilkins, who was amusing herself at the other end of the garden. That young lady, seeing the situation of her cousin, shrieked aloud, and ran to call her uncle. Mr. Powell came to his daughter's assistance. Maria and Mrs. Jones followed him into the garden. After a long recourse to the methods practised in such cases, they restored her to her senses; but it was only to utter groans that would have pierced the heart of a savage, and to feel the keenest agonies of anguish and despair. Her father, plentifully

bedewing her bosom with his tears, supported her in silence. With hasty steps and various enquiries, the domestics flocked from every part of the house, till they came to the spot, where they stopt short, gazing in mute astonishment, now at Elisa, now at her father, then at me, and at each other.

Among all the incidents of life that have attracted my notice, I shall remember this. The cause of such violent distress seemed to be a mystery to every one; but its effects were strongly impressive. Every sympathizing breast felt its force. I have the vanity to believe that no human being could be more wretched than myself. While my thoughts were totally absorbed in the distraction of woe, Elisa was removed into her apartment. Looking round me, after a dreadful in-

terval, I found myself alone in the arbour: All was silent. I tottered into the parlour, and, half stupified, threw myself into a chair. Doctor Pemberton coming in, ignorant of all that had happened, spoke to me; but I heard him not. He looked at me, and, in great astonishment, laid hold of my hand, and feeling my pulse, said, "What is the matter, sir? You seem very much indisposed."

Mrs. Jones came into the room, exclaiming—"For heaven's sake, sir, how did all this happen?"

"I cannot tell you, madam."

"Were not you in the arbour with Miss Powell?"

"I was."

"And you know what passed previously to her fainting?"

"I shall never forget it. At present, however, I can give you no account

of it ; but I pray tell me, how is Miss Powell ?”

“ So ill, sir, that I think her life in imminent danger. A physician has been sent for.”

“ My God,” said I, “ Save her ! Save me from distraction !

In silent wonder, and woful perplexity, they sat down, seemingly doubtful whether they ought to regard me as an object of compassion or of horror. At last, the doctor said to Mrs Jones, “ I can make nothing out of Mr Stanley : Will you be so good, madam, as to inform me of this business.”

She related all that she knew, from the time I called Miss Wilkins.

The doctor asked if they had given Miss Powell some hartshorn drops. Being answered in the negative, he prescribed a considerable dose, adding some other directions, which I could not distinctly attend to.

Mrs. Jones left the room, to administer the prescription, and, after some time, returned to us with the welcome news, that it had given present relief. My friend hoped the young lady would do very well, and endeavoured to rouse us to conversation, but without effect. All cheerfulness was at an end. Supper was brought in, and notice of it sent to Mr. Powell and the young ladies, who desired us not to wait for them. It went out untasted, excepting by doctor Pemberton and Mr. Watkins.

We retired at a very early hour; but I have not attempted to sleep. It is now past two o'clock. Part of the time has been spent in ruminating over the events of the evening, and part, in delineating to my dear Wilson the perplexed situation of his unfortunate

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XII.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilson,

IN my last letter, you found the mind of your friend sufficiently embarrassed. I have now something more to communicate. How far it is calculated to relieve the tumultuous workings of my breast, I must leave you to judge.

The manner in which I passed the remainder of the night, after closing my letter to you, I shall not attempt to describe. Before sunrise this morning, I walked out in hopes of dissipating the gloom which hung upon my spirits, and wishing to look upon all

that had passed for the last fortnight as an illusion of the fancy. The experiment baffled my efforts. I strolled to the top of the hill, to see the first rays of the sun gilding the mountains; an object I have always admired. At this time, it was uninteresting. I plunged into the wood, to hear the chirping of the birds, and thence sauntered down to the river's side. Still it was no better. At last, I took out my drawing-case, and prepared to sketch a little landscape which I had remarked some days ago. Instead of drawing my line, the pencil wrote—"Elisa." I was going to rub it out. No! thy name shall never be defaced! Thou hast banished me; but I will not forget thee. I looked again at the prospect: it had nothing in it of the picturesque, and the light was badly disposed. As I was putting up my draw-

ing implements, I perceived Mr. Powell in the field below me, leaning pensively over a gate that commanded a view of the Wye and the town of B—— at a distance. I crossed the pasture-ground to enquire after Eliza's health. My afflicted friend took me by the hand, and, after some interval, answered my enquiry :

“ Alas, Mr. Stanley, my poor, dear girl ! I told you how it would be. Every thing recalls to her mind the memory of her mother and brother, attended with such self-accusations as quite overpower her spirits. For a long time after we left you, her anguish was stifled in her breast, and life seemed to be departing at every gasp. At last, her tears began to relieve her ; but she indulged them till she was quite spent. At present, she seems composed in an easy languor, and is just begin-

ning to slumber. My unhappy Eliza! she was always a favourite child, and is now my only one."

Had you, my dear Wilson, been in my place, and had experienced my perplexity last night, you would have got rid of this subject with a kind, and, perhaps, an heartfelt condolence. Your prudence would have triumphed over your feelings. For my part, I indulged *the joy of grief*. Resting my arm upon the gate, with my handkerchief applied to my eyes, after a painful effort, I turned to the unhappy father, saying, "Surely, sir, that affliction must have been uncommonly severe, which could occasion such perturbation in the mind of that lovely young creature!"

"It was severe," replied Mr. Powell: "Such a complication of calamities, taken altogether, must deprive my

dear child and myself of the comfort and enjoyment of life. On this side of the grave, neither of us can expect to be happy."

"If the recital of your misfortunes would not be too painful," said I, "a feeling heart would find some relief in sympathizing with you."

When I had stammered out this request, I looked at the old man. He was almost convulsed with grief. After a pause of a few moments, he replied with a deep sigh: "Yes, Mr. Stanley, the sentiments you profess for Elisa give you a just claim to a narrative of our melancholy affairs. I ought to have made it before I pronounced my approbation of your suit. It would have convinced you of the improbability of your success, and, consequently, have spared both yourself and my daughter the present crisis

of trouble. But you can make allowance for the feelings of an afflicted father. I must go back to some particulars, previous to the sad catastrophe.

I lived on my own estate in Pembrokeshire, where I enjoyed all the happiness that an ample fortune, for a man that always resides in the country, a cheerful disposition, a beloved family, and an agreeable neighbourhood could bestow. I had a son. He was a fine spirited young man, about three years older than this poor girl. It was my Charles' ambition to obtain some distinction in the army; but his mother doated upon him. He was her only son. That I might, in some measure, comply with his active disposition, and yet not part with him entirely, I procured him a commission in the county militia. We had the satisfaction to find that he was universally respected

by his fellow officers, and that, when his attendance with the company was not required, he generally returned to his parents at Morley castle. While with us, he was frequently visited by two young men, who partook with him in such amusements as the country afforded, and whom I esteemed as my own children. One of these gentlemen was the son of doctor Weaver, the rector of my parish, and my old intimate friend. The doctor, notwithstanding a certain austerity of manner, is a very worthy character, and an active, upright magistrate. Possessing a handsome estate, beside his preferment in the church, his authority has great weight in the neighbourhood. Young Weaver's abilities were respectable; but his manner somewhat reserved and distant, especially among strangers. He was now of some standing at the

university, and was intended for his father's profession.

My son's other friend was captain Arnold, a young officer in the same regiment, and a nephew of doctor Weaver's.

We had, indeed, much of Mr. Weaver's company when my son was not at home. During the vacations at Oxford, it was his usual custom to walk several times in the week to my house, where he was always received as one of the family. Sometimes he would set a whole afternoon with Mrs. Powell and me, and converse upon trifling subjects; but, more frequently, his taste for music induced him to practise upon my daughter's grand piano, or Welsh harp. These instruments stood in a small parlour seldom used by any of the family, excepting Eliza herself, and such young ladies as were considered her particular visitors.

We had distinguished the apartment by the name of Elisa's drawing-room. It was furnished with chairs, and hung with landscapes and figures of her own drawing, and needlework. It contained her own little library; a collection of moral essays, some volumes of popular sermons, about half a dozen of our best novels, a few chosen plays, and two or three of our most elegant poets, beside some music and French books.

In this room, Mr. Weaver frequently passed an hour or two with Elisa and Miss Wilkins, a sister of the child that is now with us, and sometimes with Elisa alone; suffering no restraint, and subjected to no observation. Accustomed, almost from their infancy, to associate with freedom, communicate their mutual ideas, and partake of each other's amusement, their inti-

macy and reciprocal attentions attracted no serious notice. We still rejoiced in the satisfaction which young persons of similar dispositions experienced in each other's company, and were pleased with every fresh instance of Mr. Weaver's civility and friendship for the family. It sometimes entered my mind, and the thought was peculiarly grateful, that as they advanced to years of maturity, their acquaintance might possibly terminate in a closer connection of the families; but that Mr. Weaver's present visits were the effect of his partiality to Eliza or her cousin Wilkins, never once occurred to my imagination. I was probably lulled to security by an idea, that the doctor and I were upon such a footing, that whenever the young man should be actuated by such sentiments, he could have no reason to conceal them.

Even my poor wife, whose maternal tenderness was awake to every incident, felt herself easy on this subject. If I happened to be from home, or particularly engaged, she made no ceremony of entering her daughter's drawing-room, and sitting with Mr. Weaver and Eliza. She has since that time reflected, that she perceived no difference in their behaviour, whether Arabella Wilkins was there or not. Her intrusions, though frequently unexpected, never produced any visible embarrassment in the young folks; on the contrary, she was always received with expressions of pleasure, and evident satisfaction.

Mr. Weaver's visits became gradually more constant and of longer continuance; but for this, there was a very plausible excuse. When the young ladies left school, they had but an im-

perfect knowledge of French. Their assiduous friend was esteemed a complete master of that language, and professed an enthusiastic fondness for some authors that have adorned it by their writings. This was a fine opportunity for Elisa and her cousin to acquire a polite accomplishment. Their preceptor was indefatigable, and assured us that his attention was amply rewarded by the docility of his pupils. As an encouragement to Elisa's perseverance, he presented her with an elegant set of Racine's Works. This author was a peculiar favourite with Mr. Weaver. His partiality was carried so far, that he prevailed on the girls to learn by heart several parts, in the most elegant and pathetic tragedies. Mrs. Powell and I were frequently invited to attend the rehearsal of a chosen scene; but my daughter could never be prevailed upon

to exhibit before any other company. You may easily guess, that neither the actors nor the audience could be very well qualified for supporting their parts; however, we esteemed it an agreeable and innocent opportunity for the improvement of the young ladies' pronounciation. Never did we apprehend that any fatal consequence could be derived from such trifling incidents. Whenever Arabella went home for a month, my daughter's occasional studies were not remitted. We had an entire confidence in her prudence. Mr. Weaver was the son of my most valued friend; his understanding was good; and his character unsullied, even by the imputation of those levities which might have been overlooked in so young a man.

Such was the situation of affairs, when, one afternoon, our attention

was called to a little dispute between the young people. We knew not what to make of it. At the same time, it appeared so trivial, that we never thought it deserved a serious investigation. My daughter left the room in some apparent confusion. Weaver followed her, taking hold of her hand, and saying, "You will, at least, hear me, Elisa!"—"If I decline it," says she, "you know my reason."

"Indeed, Elisa," replied the young man, "I can discover no reason at all."

"Mr. Weaver," retorted my daughter, with a dignified frown, "I cannot think so meanly of your understanding. No, sir, I fear, the fault is not there."

In saying this, she disengaged her hand, dropt a formal courtesy, and ran up stairs. I perceived, by her cere-

moniousness, that she was really piqued at something or other. It had always been her custom to call Mr. Weaver by his christian name *William*. In all their friendly contentions, I had never known her, till this time, give him any other appellation.

Weaver returned to the piano, played several pieces of tunes, and, seemingly unable to amuse himself, came and sat with us in the parlour. He talked a little incoherently for a few minutes, and, alleging some business, took his leave. We saw him again as usual, that and the succeeding week; but, during the whole time, he never found Elisa in the little room. She was either engaged up stairs, or sitting with us. This we remarked: yet as they spoke freely, and familiarly called each other *William* and *Elisa*, we concluded that no great quarrel had taken place.

One day, our young friend came with a celebrated piece of new music, which he exhibited to Elisa, and, very different from his usual freedom, asked her permission to go and play it upon her piano. Without rising from her seat, she presented him the key that locked up the instrument. He received it with visible chagrin. Having played the piece once or twice over by himself, and sung to it, he returned to us, saying, "It is a most charming thing, Elisa, won't you come, and hear it?"

My daughter, instead of giving a direct answer, said, with a smile, to her mother, "Mr Weaver seems proud of his new acquisition: what say you mamma?—Shall we honour it with our criticisms?"

"Go you, my dear," answered Mrs. Powell; "I have some letters to

write. William will be so good as to play it for me another time."

"Elisa got up, and taking her mother by the hand, said, "No, my dear mamma, we will go together: William must not be mortified too much."

After this little debate, they went altogether, and were highly satisfied with the merits of the piece. As for Weaver's execution, it always gave pleasure, being in a style superior to that of most gentlemen who have not made music their profession.

Elisa was preparing to leave the room, along with her mother. With great mortification in his countenance, Weaver observed it, and said in a hesitating manner, "I wished to hear you play it, Elisa. Will not you grant me that pleasure?" She put her hand into her pocket, took out a letter, and deli-

vered it to him, saying, "Elisa gives you this to justify her refusal." This little incident, their mutual emotion, and my daughter's late reserve in regard to Mr. Weaver, first roused the attention of Mrs. Powell. But, my dear sir, I tire you with a recital of minute particulars, which, to me alone, have a sad importance."

"Omit nothing, sir," I replied, "the incidents are but too important. To this my fluttering heart bears ample testimony."

"They proved so, Mr. Stanley. How bitterly I regret that I did not see their importance in time; that I took so little care to guard the unexperienced youth of that dear creature!"

"A circumstance happened, that very evening, which awoke me to a dreadful sense of my neglect."

"Captain Arnold, the young officer

I have already mentioned to you, arrived in the afternoon from the camp. Instead of going immediately to his uncle's, he stopt at my house with my son, to whom, I soon found, he had acknowledged a most violent passion for Eliza. His looks, his whole behaviour explained his sentiments to the attentive eyes of Mr. Weaver, who, on his part, discovered every mark of inward perplexity and vexation, and, when pressed to stay to supper, took an abrupt leave, apparently very unwell.

“ The next morning, my poor Charles and Arnold waited upon me to disclose their important secret, and obtain my approbation.

“ Contrary to my son's friendly hopes, I hesitated, and requested to speak with Arnold in private. Charles left us alone. I told the young man

that a report had reached me of some of his youthful levities at camp, which report I explained to him, adding, "As soon as I am convinced that my daughter is the only object of your desires, I will cheerfully give you my permission to consult the young lady's inclinations: more than this I cannot promise. I have Elisa's happiness too much at heart ever to enforce the claim of a lover by the influence of paternal injunctions."

"Captain Arnold was perfectly satisfied with my answer. It carried no appearance of an objection to his suit, but what was in his power to remove. He desired my son to be called in, who gave me such an account of his friend's late deportment as almost removed my only scruple.

"The lover, impatient of delays, went directly to his uncle, to whom he

exposed his whole heart and his whole conduct. As soon as doctor Weaver was satisfied of his sincerity, and that his affair of gallantry had been for some time relinquished, he promised to promote his interest to the utmost of his power. With this view he dispatched a note, requesting my company and Mrs. Powell's, next day, to dinner, and intimating that a bed would be provided. We accepted of the invitation. Mr. Weaver called in the morning at my house. He wished to speak a few words to Elisa. She appeared in the parlour. The young man stammered out two or three sentences, and seemed overwhelmed with grief and perplexity. Elisa's looks testified a sympathizing concern; but she declined walking alone with him, either into her drawing-room or into the garden.

“ After he had traversed the room

twenty times, in great agitation, he walked round the lawn, returned to the parlour, and, not finding my daughter, left the house in a few minutes without taking leave. We kept our engagement with doctor Weaver, who received us in his library, and immediately took an opportunity to intercede for his nephew. As the only objection we could have to the young man was now entirely removed, he was introduced into the room, and preliminaries, as far as they depended on us, were agreed upon, to the mutual satisfaction of every party.

“ Though my daughter was to be considered as an absolute free agent in the business, I could not entertain the least doubt but Arnold’s real worth, handsome figure, and elegant accomplishments, would induce her to comply with all our wishes.

“ After mutual congratulations, the young gentleman, taking my son along with him, left us for the day, having appointed to meet the commanding-officer at Pembroke upon private business. Soon after they were set out, Mr. Weaver entered the library. The doctor beckoned to his son, who followed him into the drawing-room. Mrs. Powell and I walked into the garden, and had been there about a quarter of an hour before my friend joined us.

“ His manner discovered something of hurry and vexation ; but we forbore speaking of it. He took us to a seat in the garden, and addressing himself to me, said, “ My dear sir, I have got myself into a most embarrassing dilemma, from which I know not how I can be well extricated. Had I known yesterday what I do at present, I should

not have undertaken to be Arnold's advocate."

"I hope, sir," said Mrs. Powell, "you have not found him unworthy of your protection." "No, indeed, madam," replied doctor Weaver, "I have every reason to respect him; but this change of sentiment proceeds from an extraordinary piece of information I have just now received from my son William."

"The doctor proceeded to give us the following particulars: "Captain Arnold's present situation in regard to Miss Powell made me reflect upon my son's frequent tête-à-têtes with the young lady. Their acquaintance I had hitherto considered as a thing perfectly innocent, and, I believe, you and I tacitly agreed in the persuasion that should their friendship gradually arise to a mutual attachment in the young

people, their union would be productive of happiness to themselves, and satisfaction to their friends. Imagining however, that, at present, no such attachment could subsist, I warmly entered into the interest of my nephew, and, as soon as he had obtained your sanction, I thought it time to give my son a caution respecting his future deportment. I took him aside, and told him, that the intimacy of the families had authorized his spending a considerable part of his time with Miss Powell. It was a liberty, I said, in which they had been indulged from children: but they had now, for some years, ceased to be children. To this I added, that as he professed nothing more than friendship and esteem for the young lady, he must excuse my hint, that the continuance of his private visits would, in some degree, carry a countenance of impropriety.

"The young man heard all this with a very ill grace, casting his eyes, now to the floor, and now to the ceiling, and muttering to himself, "Am I then banished! Banished at once from the presence of Elisa!—My father!—But I dare not speak to you."—

"No, my son," I resumed, "I do not say you are to be banished; but I think—and your own ideas of propriety must suggest, that you ought no longer to take the liberty of sitting alone with Miss Powell, for several hours at a time, and of making music, or the French language, a pretence to detach a young lady, who is now considered as marriageable, from the rest of Mr. Powell's family. Your acquaintance with Elisa, I hope, will meet no interruption. An esteem and friendship for her you can never cease to possess, as long as you deserve a return

of such honourable sentiments ; but I must caution you, that any thing more than this may place you in a disagreeable light before your cousin Arnold, who, with the sanction of both her parents, and with his own father's and my approbation, is the declared lover of Elisa." While I was saying this," continued doctor Weaver, " my son walked, with hasty strides, thrice round the room, before he could find a chair to sit down. I heard him murmuring and sobbing. He threw himself into the chair, trembled, and turned exceedingly pale.

" Why are you so much disturbed sir ?" I demanded. You cannot surely disapprove of Miss Powell for a cousin. For my part, I am so partial to the lady, that I had entertained some hopes you would have had sufficient spirit and discernment, as you have had

sufficient opportunity, to get the start of Arnold. As that has not been the case, I think both parties entitled to your good wishes at least, and such good offices as your intimacy with Miss Powell may enable you to perform."

Still more confused, he answered, "O my father—I cannot support it! Captain Arnold must never have Eliza! Speak to Mr Powell—my happiness—my life depends upon it."

"I rose from my chair," continued doctor Weaver, saying, "Now, sir, I perceive the nature of your objection; but how has it happened, that so violent an attachment should grow up all at once? You have maintained a long and familiar intercourse with the lady, and yet, till the present minute, you never hinted to me any thing of this kind."

The wayward boy dropt upon his knees, catching my hand, and saying, " Dear sir, my fatal reserve has given you just cause of offence. I must now acknowledge the truth to you, and rely upon your goodness to forgive me. I never looked upon Elisa with eyes of indifference. The hope of one day calling her mine, has grown up with me from my childhood. It is a hope which I have cherished, as the support of my life, and can never resign. Notwithstanding this, till urged by the present necessity, I never had the resolution to discover it to my father. A continual dread that you would discourage any connexion I could form so early in life, and before I had finished my studies, constrained me to be silent. Now, sir, you know my sentiments : If you wish, that peace should ever return to this breast, you will promise to

oppose my cousin Arnold's pretensions to Miss Powell."

"Vexed at so unseasonable a discovery," continued the doctor, "and provoked by my son's underhanded conduct, I replied, with some severity, "Excuse me, sir; I will give you no such promise. Whatever I might have done, had you thought proper to honour me with your confidence, I have now pledged my word to captain Arnold, and will serve him to the utmost of my power. His final success must depend on the young lady alone: for I will take care that Mr. and Mrs. Powell shall not retract their promise in your favour. I moreover charge you to let the affair rest where it is. By my conduct in the whole of this business, I will convince you what a steady friend you might have found in me, had you been so dutiful as to deserve

it. "Having said this," added doctor Weaver, "I quitted the room, leaving the young man in a situation easier to be conceived than described."

"This, my dear Stanley, was the beginning of my perplexities. When the angry father had finished his narrative, I observed that it was a most embarrassing circumstance, and asked his advice respecting what was to be done."

"Nothing, at present," replies the doctor. You know the future event depends upon Miss Powell and my nephew, of whose success I cannot entertain the smallest doubt, unless indeed the lady's affections are already engaged. Arnold is a man whom few women would reject, and least of all Eliza Powell, who knows how to value the good qualities of his heart. Should any thing happen, however, to break off this connexion, I believe it

would induce me, once more, to try my influence with you, in behalf of this untoward boy. Be that as it may, if my son has used means to steal your daughter's affection, he must be condemned for a breach of hospitality ; I cannot let him go entirely unpunished ; and I think it incumbent upon you and Mrs. Powell to take him severely to task."

"My wife observed, that she had always loved Mr. Weaver as her own child, and could not bear to aggravate his present distress. "Such distresses," replied the doctor, "though sharp, are but transient. You must examine him for your own satisfaction. I am too impatient to undertake it. Were I to find that he has acted ungenerously, I should be provoked to strike him."

"Mrs. Powell offered to question Eliza upon the subject.

“ That you may do, madam, at your leisure,” says doctor Weaver; “ but it cannot be amiss to have some conversation, in the mean time, with this young man. Walk with me into the library: I will send for him in. The doctor led the way, and sent for his son, who soon made his appearance. With a timid step he approached Mrs. Powell, took a chair by her side, and burst into tears.

She took him by the hand, saying, “ doctor Weaver has just now surprised us, my dear William, with an account of your attachment to my daughter. I can make some allowance for the diffidence of young persons in speaking upon such subjects; but surely you could have trusted me with your secret. You must reflect, that you have badly consulted the interest of your heart, in concealing your affection, and suffering

your friends to encourage the visits of your cousin Arnold. Our conduct, in regard to that gentleman, must not have an appearance of duplicity: we have engaged to refer him to Elisa. I do not pretend to say what encouragement he will receive. I have only to regret that your unfortunate silence has, for the present, prevented us from giving you all the countenance we might have done."

"I perceive madam," said the poor youth, "I must be wretched; and your goodness convinces me how much I deserve to be so."

"I am glad to find you are conscious of your own demerit!" interrupted doctor Weaver, with a frown.

"Permit me, sir," replies the son, "to say in my own justification, that, intimidated by the severity of paternal authority, I have not been able to dis-

close my whole heart, to act according to the tenour of its sentiments, and the strictest rules of duty."

"My young friend," said Mrs. Powell, "though I must acknowledge myself a little angry with you, I cannot bear to see you distressed. You must exercise your fortitude and patience. Perhaps we do not yet foresee the end of things. If you calmly recollect yourself, you may possibly find more reason to hope than we are all aware of. You will disclose to me all that has passed between you and my daughter. I claim no authority over you: my presence inspires no mortifying awe. We will withdraw into the next room, and I shall be your confidant."

"Excuse me, dear madam," replies William. My father shall not, for a moment, suspect that there is a spot in

Miss Powell's conduct toward me that requires concealment. Arnold will have reason to bless him for his steady support. I know the value of his prize; I know that, together with all the loveliness that can adorn woman, she possesses angelic purity."

"Then you will relate to us the whole progress of your passion," said Mrs. Powell.

"In so doing, madam," replies Mr. Weaver, "I fear I must expose my conduct in a very culpable light to my father, and give great scope for the exercise of your kind indulgence. I am now satisfied that I have loved this charming girl ever since I can remember her; but I was not myself conscious how much I loved her, till last summer. Observing that my cousin Arnold, whenever we walked out, selected Miss Powell from the party, and

always contrived to prevent me in offering an arm to her; penetrating into every glance of his eye, and weighing all his expressions (which with every other observer, passed for the attentions of civility; but to me discovered the plain characters of a decided passion), I felt my heart pant with an emotion which I could no longer mistake nor suppress. I was convinced that if I lost Eliza, I lost all that could make life valuable. Confident, at the same time, that our friends could have no objection to our future union, I own that, from thenceforth, I have practised every honest art, every kind attention, with a hope of winning her affection, before she should perceive my design."

"You have acted generously," says doctor Weaver, "and are blest with the modest assurance to acknowledge it."

“ I have now engaged, sir,” replies the son, “ to expose to you my heart. You shall see it as it is, that you may censure it as it deserves. My reason for this conduct was, a conviction of Arnold’s unequivocal attachment. I knew he had given up that beautiful, but unfortunate, creature whom, after the desertion of her seducer, he found perishing in the camp. He had conveyed her to a distant town, set her up in a comfortable and reputable business, and never went to see her. His affections now centered in Eliza. I was not in a situation to cope with him openly. Had I made my passion known to my father, he would have insisted upon a delay of some years. Arnold’s fears would have been roused, by my public avowal, and he would not have failed to make his advantage of that insinuating address which I

have been lately taught to envy. I was uncertain of Elisa's inclinations; and I must also confess that, were she to honour me with her regard, I should have felt infinitely more satisfaction in the affection that proceeded from her voluntary choice, than in that which might have been extorted by the influence of friends."

"To me, sir, that is a new doctrine," said the father: "you have studied your Paines and your Wollstonecrofts to some purpose."

"At present," replied William, "I only declare my sentiments, without attempting to defend them. The authors you mention, I read when it was fashionable to read them; but I trust, neither partiality nor aversion to any writer will deprive me of common sense, or a principle of honour."

"Pass over that, for this time," says

doctor Weaver, "and inform us if you have succeeded in your *honourable* design upon this young lady?"

"It was never my happiness," replied the young man, "to be assured of it. Once, indeed, I dared to hope that I was not indifferent to Elisa; but, of late, I have had reason to apprehend the contrary."

"Has my daughter discovered your partiality?" said Mrs. Powell.

William replied in the affirmative. "So then," exclaims the doctor, "the best engineers are sometimes unfortunate: you happened to declare yourself rather prematurely. Excellent youth!"

"I never durst hazard a declaration," said William.

"How then do you know," rejoins the father, "that you are found out?"

"Elisa's unusual reserve; her refu-

sing to see me alone, for this whole month; and, above all, her letter informs me of it."

"Her letter, sir!" says doctor Weaver.

William took the letter out of his bosom, and gave it to his father, saying, "this is it, sir. It will do no discredit to the writer, whatever it may do to me."

"That is the letter," says Mrs. Powell, which I saw my daughter deliver to you?"

"It is, madam," replied William.

The doctor having looked at the letter, said to Mrs. Powell and me, "If you wanted a testimony of the young lady's prudence and regard to her duty, this would furnish a convincing one. Give me leave to read it out"—which he immediately did."

Mr. Powell, opening his pocket-book, took out a paper and gave it to me, saying, "this, my dear Stanley, is the identical letter." The following, Wilson, is a copy:

"To Mr. WEAVER."

"Sir,

"I AM not so much a child but that I perceive something more particular, in your attention of late, than I ought to encourage, in any person, without the knowledge and approbation of my parents.

"The tragedies of Racine, I received from you with little repugnance: they were given to me in my father's presence.

"The bracelets, and your picture, I have no right to accept, nor have

you to offer them to me, under the seal of secrecy.

“ More than all, your method of procuring, and your wearing my picture, is a liberty of so unequivocal a tendency, as will certainly justify my declining any more of your private conversations.

“ Weaver ! You may think I express myself with too much asperity ; that I forget the numberless obligations which were conferred upon me, as I conceived, by the most generous feelings of friendship. I hope you will never have reason to accuse me of ingratitude or insensibility ; or, on the other hand, to despise me for acknowledging a partiality to a man that knows not how to treat me with respect.

“ Could you imagine, William, that I was prepared to act against a sense of

duty, and my own ideas of propriety ?
After so long an acquaintance, you
ought to have been better informed of
the character and sentiments of

ELISA POWELL."

Mr. Powell thus continued his narrative: "When doctor Weaver had read over the letter," turning to his son, he exclaimed, "There, sir! there is a girl for you!—No! It were a thousand pities she should ever be disgraced by any further acquaintance with a man of your stamp. Did it ever enter into your head, while you pored over this billet, to compare your own conduct with that of Miss Powell?"

"Since the time I received that letter," replies the young man, "I have not wanted subjects for mortification."

“ Pity you should !” says the doctor ;
 “ and I will take care you shall find no
 deficiency for some time to come.
 You shall be furnished more liberally
 than you imagine. Elisa has not dis-
 covered an undue partiality to you.
 So far, it is well. Within two days
 from this time you will set out for
 Oxford. For one year you will make
 it your residence during the terms and
 the vacations. If, within that time,
 you appear in Pembroke-shire, or to the
 west of the Severn, or are known even
 to correspond with Elisa, you are no
 longer my son. The young lady’s fa-
 ther and mother have honoured captain
 Arnold with their approbation. They
 have given him their full consent. I
 will see that it shall not be retracted ;
 and Miss Powell, you know, *is not*
prepared to act against a sense of duty.
 For your comfort, Mr. Weaver, I will

moreover remind you, that my nephew Arnold, when compared with you, possesses many splendid advantages. His address is more engaging, his person more elegant, his conduct and sentiments infinitely more refined and generous. I leave you to judge whether Miss Powell wants discernment in such cases. If, according to every probable expectation, your cousin succeeds, you will have the pleasure to reflect on the rewards of folly and duplicity, of undutiful reserve, and the violation of friendly confidence. Now, sir, you may retire to contemplate the charming prospect that opens before you."

Poor William was preparing to totter out of the room, without uttering a word, an object of sincere pity.

Mrs. Powell, grasping his hand, detained him, while she gently rebuked the doctor for his severity, and

conjured him to reconsider the young man's conduct, which, weighing every circumstance, did not appear to her in so very heinous a light. She besought the father to make no rash resolutions while he was in a passion; but she found him inflexible. She then accompanied the young man to the door, advised him not to be too much dejected, and said that she would sound Eliza's sentiments, which, she hoped, from one guarded expression in her letter, were not very unfavourable; that, if her conjectures were right, all might be well yet; he should find her daughter no changeling.

Without making any audible reply, William proceeded in a kind of fullen stupor.

“ When dinner was announced, doctor Weaver sent to desire his son to come in. Alleging a severe head-

ach, he did not make his appearance. It was, indeed, a melancholy repast. I contrived, on some pretence, to send the servant out of the room; intreated my friend to speak with less harshness, and at last prevailed on him to send a milder message to the young man. The doctor immediately recalled the servant, and went himself. William had quitted his apartment. A broken bottle lay on the floor, and some wine was spilt about the room. He had left a sheet of paper on the table with "Elisa" written at the top, and the pen drawn through the name. Under that was scrawled in large characters, "It must be, my father—I will go—my life or death lies before me." The rest of the paper was scribbled and flourished with such incoherent rhapsodies, to the bottom of the page.

"Alarmed at the wildness of this

scrap, I persuaded doctor Weaver to send a servant in search of the young man, suggesting, at the same time, that I thought it would be most adviseable to excuse ourselves as well as we could to captain Arnold.

“ My dear sir,” replied the doctor, “ I agree in opinion with Mrs. Powell, that, notwithstanding Elisa’s prudent conduct and severe rebuke, there is something in her letter which by no means implies an aversion to my son. It is not improbable that Arnold will prove unsuccessful; but in that case the refusal must come from the young lady herself. As for William, his deportment merits, at least, a temporary punishment. It will not be too late, some months hence, to grant him a little paternal indulgence. Young men that can act for themselves, as he has done, are not capable of feeling too severely for the reproof of a father.

“ In the afternoon, Mr. Weaver returned. In a firm attitude, he presented himself before us, and spoke in a tone of voice that indicated, at once, respect and determination.

“ Give me leave to address myself to my father, and to the parents of Miss Powell, and humbly to solicit their permission to offer my hand to that young lady, as soon as she shall have convinced my cousin Arnold that his pretensions are vain. Eliza herself has authorized me to make this request.”

“ William,” says doctor Weaver, “ I applaud the manliness of your present conduct. Had you always made openness and candour the rule of your actions, you would have spared me the distress of rebuking you, and yourself some perplexity. Should Arnold ever acknowledge the conviction you mention, I will not object to your request. You

shall be referred to Miss Powell and her friends. But it must require some time to produce such an event. While it remains doubtful, you must repair to your studies, and absolutely desist from corresponding with the young lady. When I see it can be done with propriety, you shall be recalled."

"Weaver dropt upon his knee to his father, saying, "I thank you, sir, for condescending thus far to indulge my fondest hopes." Then turning to Mrs. Powell and me, he added, "And may I request of you, sir, and of you, madam, the same condition of hope?"

"Poor Mrs. Powell has since told me, that she perceived something very dreadful in his unusual formality, and the gloomy steadfastness of his countenance. This was attributed, at the time, to doctor Weaver's severe reprimand in the morning. She replied to

the young man for me and herself: "We shall be happy, my dear William, when we have it in our power to give you unconditional hope: not that we should not think ourselves and our daughter highly honoured by an alliance with your cousin; but that we believe his fortitude and experience in the world would better enable him to meet a disappointment."

"He bowed, and kissed her hand. Then turning again to his father, he said, "One thing I must hint to you before I go. If Miss Powell signifies her approbation of captain Arnold, you must forgive me all the anguish that may be occasioned by the despair of an unfortunate youth. If, on the contrary, she rejects the offer of his hand; and if, after she has disclosed her sentiments, he presume to trouble her any longer with his attendance and impor-

tunity, no authority on earth shall inhibit me from corresponding with that gentleman."

"Having said this, he bowed, and quitted the room. His complexion was heightened in the extreme, and his eyes sparkled like fire.

"Doctor Weaver exclaimed, with astonishment, "Mr Powell, I know not what to make of this boy. We must take care what we are about with him: he has been provoked to shew a spirit which I never thought him possessed of."

"The same evening, captain Arnold and my son returned from Pembroke in high spirits. They had been successful in their business; but the reserved perplexity they found at the rectory, very ill accorded with their good humour. After some fruitless attempts to draw us into conversation, they got

up, sauntered about the room, and looked out at the windows. My poor Charles, happening to stand before one that fronted the garden, perceived Mr. Weaver in the most private part of the shrubbery, walking to and fro with very unequal steps. He beckoned to his friend, saying, "I protest there is William, conning over a college imposition: let us go, and interrupt him."

"A good thought," replies the other; "if we can get him rusticated this term, we shall have his company the whole summer."

"The young man, observing them as they sallied forth, hastily withdrew, and retired to his own apartment.

"Having repeatedly called to him, and searched the whole garden for a quarter of an hour, they returned to the parlour, laughing, and saying one to the other, "Did you ever see any

thing so raffish! He will certainly become a mere student.'

"I spent a very disagreeable night. My waking thoughts were sufficiently perplexing and vexatious; but my dreams were terrifying. I saw myself embarked in an elegant boat upon a calm and pleasant lake. The whole of my beloved family were about me. A sudden storm arose: the vessel split upon a rock, and we were left buffeting the waves.

"I awoke in a fright, and dreading to sleep again, got up very early. We had engaged doctor Weaver to dine with us on that day. Mrs. Powell set out in my coach, after breakfast, to give some necessary directions. Captain Arnold and my son were with her. About one o'clock, doctor Weaver and myself followed them in my friend's

chariot. William could no where be found."

Here Mr. Powell broke his narrative, uttering a deep and dreadful groan, and seeming ready to faint.

I caught him by the arm, exclaiming, "My dear sir, what is the matter!"

"Oh—'tis the pain in my breast," said he: "I can proceed no further. The recollection overpowers me."

"Do not distress yourself with the recollection," I replied: "Let us walk a little."

"I have promised you, Mr. Stanley," says my afflicted friend, "the whole of my calamitous history. You must take the remainder as it is delineated in captain Arnold's letters to his father. He gave me copies, which are

in my trunk at the hall. "They shall be put into your hands."

I accompanied the old man to the house, where he was somewhat revived by hearing a good account of his daughter.

The minuteness with which he related this circumstantial tale, and the accuracy of which, I am confident, in transcribing it, will convince my friend that the subject has made a deep impression upon each of us.

Waiting with trembling anxiety for the dreadful sequel, I remain,

Dear Wilson,

Your distressed friend,

HENRY STANLEY.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

